

fortably habitable, I should almost tremble to see it meddled with, during the present conflict of tastes and opinions. Some of his advisers are no doubt good architects, that might be of service; but many, I fear, are mere levellers, who, when they had once got to work with their mattocks on this venerable edifice, would never stop until they had brought it to the ground, and perhaps buried themselves among the ruins. All that I wish is, that John's present troubles may teach him more prudence in future. That he may cease to distress his

mind about other people's affairs; that he may give up the fruitless attempt to promote the good of his neighbors, and the peace and happiness of the world, by dint of the cudgel; that he may remain quietly at home; gradually get his house into repair; cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy; husband his income—if he thinks proper; bring his unruly children into order—if he can; renew the jovial scenes of ancient prosperity; and long enjoy, on his paternal lands, a green, an honorable, and a merry old age.

## JUNGFRAU SPAIGER'S APOSTROPHE TO HER CAT.

BY ANTHONY BLEECKER. 182-.

A late London paper mentions that the celebrated Manheim Telescope, the master-piece of the famous Spaiger, a Hungarian optician, was recently destroyed in a singular manner. A servant of the Observatory having taken out the glasses to clean them, put them in again without observing that a cat had crept into the tube. At night, the animal being alarmed at the strong powers of the Lunar rays, endeavored to escape: but the effort threw down the instrument, which, falling to the ground, from the top of a tower, was broken to pieces. The writer, presuming that the cat was killed by the fall, imagines the daughter of the astronomer as breaking forth in the following lament.

What whisker'd ghost, at this mild moonlight hour,  
Invites my steps, and points to yonder tower?  
'Tis Puss, my darling Puss; all bleeding! pale!  
Gash'd are her ears, and scotch'd her lengthy tail.  
Oh, tell thy tale, and I will lend an ear—  
Then sweep to my revenge, Grimalkin, dear.  
Oh say, did boys, or other cruel hounds,  
Conspire thy death, and give those ghastly wounds?

Was it for this he gave such strict command,  
To clean the glasses with a careful hand,  
And then to search the tube with nicest care,  
To see nor cat, nor kit, were nestling there?  
Lest, like old Sidrophel, star-gazing wight,  
Who wisely made a comet of a kite,  
My cat, perhaps, 'twixt Mercury and Mars,  
Had help'd to swell the cat-alogue of stars.

O! say what led thee to that giddy height,  
Thou queen of cats! that witching time of night?  
Was it cat-optries fired thy feline heart?  
And didst thou dare to act the sage's part?  
And peeping at the moon, while stretch'd at ease,  
Discover, with delight, 'twas all green cheese?  
Or did'st thou wish to take a near survey  
Of that delicious stream, the milky-way?  
And while the dog-star in the welkin raves,  
To take a leap, and lap its cream-clad waves?

Ah me! what terrors through thy frame were spread,  
When Luna's rays refracted on thy head,  
And fill'd thy gooseberry eyes with beams so thick,  
No wonder thou becam'st a lunatic;  
Lost all reflection: scarce retain'd a hope,  
Immured in a reflecting telescope.  
The concave mirror first thy fury bore,  
The convex lens but vexed thee the more:  
Then all thy rage was to a focus brought;  
To tilt the tube was now thy only thought.

Flounce—bounce:—it tumbles from the turret wall,  
Breaking itself, but breaking not thy fall!  
Oh direful fall!—But why indulge this wo?  
Can cat-aracts of tears avail thee now?  
No; thou art bound to Hecate's wizard shore,  
Where Whittington's famed cat has gone before;  
And to appease thy ghost my task shall be,  
To consecrate a cat-acomb to thee.

Embalmd, dear shade, with true Egyptian care,  
Across the Atlantic wave thy corpse I'll bear,  
And where old Catskill props the western sky,  
The fur-clad relics of my cat shall lie.



Oh, tell me, Puss, 'tis what I dread the most,  
Did some Killkenny cat make thee a ghost?  
'Can'st thou not speak? Ah then I'll seek the cause;  
What see I here? the bloody prints of paws;  
And oh, chaste stars! what broken limbs appear,  
Here lie thy legs; the Telescope's lie here.  
The Telescope o'erturned:—too plain I see  
The cause, the cause of thy cat-astrophe.

Was it for this, my sire on topmost tower,  
Gazed at the stars till midnight's dewy hour,  
Outwatch'd the Bear, and saw Orion rise,  
While Hesper lent her light to other skies?

There shall thy favorite herbs and plants be found,  
The cat-mint there shall shed its sweets around;  
The savory mushroom from the sod shall start,  
And to the breeze its catsup sweets impart.  
While the tall cat-tail, on the reedy shore,  
Shall hang his head, and thy sad fate deplore.

One warbler of the grove will ne'er forget  
To pay to thee his grateful, tuneful debt;  
The cat-bird, perch'd on the catalpa tree,  
Shall squall that note he learnt, poor puss, from thee.  
While from the mount, the valley, and the plain,  
The weeping pole-cat shall repeat the strain.

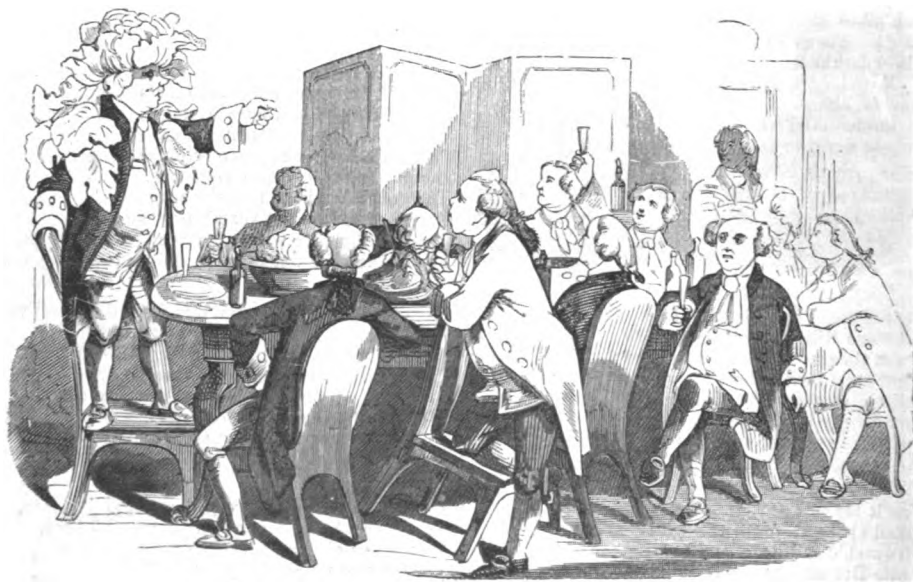
### THE KROUT CLUB.

BY DOCTOR SAMUEL LATHAM MITCHELL. 1822.

[The Doctor was President or Grand KROUT of a social gathering of descendants from the original settlers of New York City. On his inauguration, he delivered the following address, arrayed in the insignia of his office—crowned with a cabbage, and cloaked with its leaves.]

THIS association owes its origin to our venerable and festive ancestry. The cabbage is its emblem, and a good symbol it is. The Bourbons displayed their exalted lily, and the Bonapartes their humble violet. The pine tree gave character to the money coined before the revolution, in Massachusetts, and the white rose and red rose distinguished the parties of York and Lancaster as they formerly existed in England. The Scotch are proud of their thistle, the Irish of their shamrocks, and the Welch of their leeks. The virtues of the cabbage surpass all these, and are worthy of the highest eulogium. The plant belongs to the natural family of antiscorbutics. It is capable of purifying the blood, and of rectifying the humors. Whether eaten raw, or boiled, or after preparation in our excellent way of Sour KROUT, the article is worthy of particular commendation. The sherrisack celebrated by Falstaff is, notwithstanding its extraordinary virtues, far inferior to KROUT. I recommend to all *scurvy fellows*, wherever they may be, a course of this sovereign remedy to make them sound and whole. Great exertions are made by gardeners and farmers to cultivate the precious vegetable in large quantity and of good quality.

Their industry is stimulated by the premium of patriotic societies. They do well in granting such premiums. Its nutritious and succulent leaves increases the cow's measure of milk, which when mingled with eggs, gives us custards; with isinglass regales us with blanc-mange; and when converted into butter, ministers to our taste and luxury in an hundred ways. Best member in the family of *Brassica*! salubrious is the employment and sweet the reward of rearing thee, of tending thee, and preparing thee for the mouth and the stomach! Moral, and sober, and industrious are the persons who are devoted to thee! Thou impartest strength to the muscles, sensibility to the nerves, and integrity to the brain. The social principle is safe in thy keeping. Thy constitution is such that ardent and intoxicating drink cannot be prepared from thee. Thou sustainest without exhausting, and invigoratest without depression. Thy votaries here present give evidence in their looks and conduct, how admirably thou conducest to innocent recreation and to festive joy. Thy name has been abused, as if to cabbage were to pilfer or steal. I repeat with indignation this attempt to sully thy fame.



## CAPTAIN COPP AND HIS NIECE.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. 1824.

*A Scene from the Comedy of Charles the Second.*

COPP. What, Mary, my little blossom, what cheer? what cheer? Keep close, my little heart—why do you stir out of port? Here be cruizers abroad.

MARY. Who are those people, uncle, that make such a noise?

COPP. Two hearty blades—mad roysterers—oons how they drink. I was obliged to part company, old cruiser as I am, or they would soon have had me on my beam ends.

MARY. Are they sailors, uncle?

COPP. To be sure they are: who else would fling about money as they do, and treat a whole bar-room? The tallest in particular is a very devil. Hollo, Captain Copp, cries he every minute, another bottle to treat my brother tars.

MARY. By their swaggering about so, they must be very rich.

COPP. Pho, child, 'tisn't the deepest laden ships that make the most rolling.

MARY. But they spend their money so freely.

COPP. A sure sign that it's running out. The longest cable must come to an end. He that pays out fastest, will soonest be brought up with a round turn.

MARY. To what ship do they belong?

COPP. That's more than I can say. Suppose they're a couple of man-of-war's-men just paid off, who think they've a Spanish mine in their pocket—*(about of laughter from within)*. Ah, the jolly tars! I was just the same at their age.

MARY. I should like to have a look at them.

COPP. Avast there—what, trust thee in the way of two such rovers? No, no, I recollect too well what it was to get on shore after a long voyage. The first glimpse of a petticoat—whew! up boarding pikes and grappling irons!—*(Recollecting himself)*. Ahem—no, no, child, mustn't venture in these latitudes.

MARY. Ah, my good uncle, you are always so careful of me.

COPP. And why not? What else have I in the whole world to care for, or to care for me? Thou art all that's left to me out of the family fleet—a poor slight little pinnace. I've seen the rest, one after another, go down; it shall go hard but I'll convoy thee safe into port.

MARY. I fear I give you a great deal of trouble, my dear uncle.

COPP. Thou'rt the very best lass in the whole kingdom, and I love thee as I loved my poor brother; that's because you're his very image. To be sure, you haven't his jolly nose, and your little mouth is but a fool to his. But then, there are his eyes, and his smile, and the good humored cut of his face—*(sighing)* poor Philip! What! I'm going again, like the other night—*(wiping his eyes)*. Psha! let's change the subject, because, d'ye see, sensibility and all that, it does me no good—none—so let's talk of something else. What makes thee so silent of late, my girl? I've not heard a song from thee these three days!

MARY. It's three days since I've seen my music-master.



COPP. Well, and can't you sing without him?

MARY. Without him I can't sing well.

COPP. And what's become of him?

MARY *(pettishly)*. I can't tell, its very tiresome. If he did not mean to come again, he might have said so.

COPP. Oddsfish, neglect thee—neglect his duty!—I'll break him on the spot. Thou shalt have another master, my girl.

MARY *(eagerly)*. Oh no, on no account; I dare say he is not well, some accident has happened. Besides, there is no other teacher in town equal to him, he sings with such feeling.

COPP. Ah! girl, if I had my old messmate, Jack Ratlin, here, he'd teach thee to sing. He had a voice—faith it would make all the bottles dance, and glasses jingle on the table!—Talk of feeling! Why, when Jack would sit of an evening on the capstan when on watch, and sing about sweethearts and wives, and jolly tars, and true lovers' knots, and the roaring seas, and all that; smite my timbers, but it was 'enough to melt the heart of a grampus. Poor Jack, he taught me the only song I ever knew; it's a main good one though—

*(SINGS A STAVE.)*

In the time of the Rump,  
As old Admiral Trump,  
With his broom swept the chops of the Channel;  
And his crew of Tenbreeches,  
Those Dutch sons of ———

MARY *(putting her hand on his mouth)*. Oh, uncle, uncle, don't sing that horrible rough song.

COPP. Rough? that's the beauty of it. It rouses one up, pipes all hands to quarters like a boat-swain's call. Go in, Mary, but go in at the other

door; don't go near the bar: go up to your own room, my dear, and your music-master will come to you presently, never fear. [Exit MARY.

VOICE WITHIN. Hollo—house! waiter! Captain Copp! another bottle, my hearty fellow.

COPP. There they go again! I can't stand it any longer. I am an old cruiser, and can't hear an engagement without longing to be in the midst of

it. Avast, though (*stopping short*), these lads are spending too much money. Have a care, friend Copp, don't sink the sailor in the publican; don't let a free-hearted tar ruin himself in thy house—no, no, faith. If they want more wine they shall have it; but they shall drink as messmates, not as guests. So have at you, boys; it's my turn to treat now. [Exit COPP.

## THE ROBBER.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD. 1825.

Two large bags containing newspapers, were stolen from the boot behind the Southern Mail Coach, yesterday morning about one o'clock, between New Brunswick and Bridgetown. The straps securing the bags in the boot were cut, and nothing else injured or removed therefrom. The letter mails are always carried in the front boot of the coach, under the driver's feet, and therefore cannot be so easily approached.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

THE moon hangs lightly on yon western hill;  
And now it gives a parting look, like one  
Who sadly leaves the guilty. You and I  
Must watch, when all is dark, and steal along  
By these lone trees, and wait for plunder.—Hush!  
I hear the coming of some luckless wheel,  
Bearing, we know not what—perhaps the wealth,  
Torn from the needy, to be hoarded up  
By those who only *count* it; and perhaps  
The spendthrift's losses, or the gambler's gains,  
The thriving merchant's rich remittances,  
Or the small trifle some poor serving girl  
Sends to her poorer parents. But come on—  
Be cautious.—There—'tis done; and now away,  
With breath drawn in, and noiseless step, to seek  
The darkness that befits so dark a deed.  
Now strike your light. Ye powers that look upon us!  
What have we here? Whigs, Sentinels, Gazettes,  
Herald, and Posts, and Couriers—Mercuries,  
Recorders, Advertisers, and Intelligencers—  
Advocates, and Auroras.—There, what's that!  
That's—a Price Current.

I do venerate  
The man, who rolls the smooth and silky sheet  
Upon the well cut copper. I respect  
The worthier names of those who *sign* bank bills;  
And though no literary man, I love  
To read their short and pithy sentences.  
But I hate types and printers—and the gang  
Of editors and scribblers. Their remarks,  
Essays, songs, paragraphs and prophecies,

I utterly detest. And *these* particularly,  
Are just the meanest and most rascally,  
'Stale and unprofitable' publications  
I ever read in my life.



## THE TWO COMETS.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD. 1825.

There were two visible at the time this was written; and for the verses, they were, on other accounts, strictly *occasional*.

THERE once dwelt in Olympus some notable oddities,  
For their wild singularities called Gods and Goddesses—

But one in particular beat 'em all hollow,  
Whose name, style, and title was Phœbus Apollo.

Now Phœb. was a genius—his hand he could turn  
To any thing, every thing genius can learn;  
Bright, sensible, graceful, *cute*, spirited, *handy*,  
Well bred, well behaved,—a celestial Dandy!

An eloquent God, though he didn't *say* much;  
But he drew a long bow, spoke Greek, Latin and Dutch;

A doctor, a poet, a soarer, a diver,  
And of horses in harness an excellent driver.

He would tackle his steeds to the wheels of the sun,  
And he drove up the east every morning, *but one*;  
When young Phaëton begged of his daddy at five,  
To stay with Aurora a day, and *he'd* drive.



So good-natured Phœbus gave Phaëy the seat,  
With his mittens, change, way bill, and stage horn  
complete:

To the breeze of the morning he shook his bright  
locks,  
Blew the lamps of the night out, and mounted the  
box.

The crack of his whip, like the *breaking* of day,  
Warmed the wax in the ears of the leaders, and  
they.

With a snort, like the fog of the morning, cleared out  
For the west, as young Phaëy meant to get there  
about

Two hours before sunset.

He looks at his "*turnip*,"  
And to make the delay of the old line concern up,  
He gave 'em the reins; and from Aries to Cancer,  
The style of his drive on the road seemed to answer;  
But at Leo, the ears of the near wheel horse pricked,  
And at Virgo the heels of the off leader kicked;  
Over Libra the whiffle-tree broke in the middle,  
And the traces snapped short, like the strings of a  
fiddle.

One wheel struck near Scorpio, who gave it a roll,  
And set it to buzz, like a top, round the pole;  
While the other whizzed back, with its linchpin and  
hub,

Or, more learnedly speaking, its nucleus or nub;  
And, whether in earnest, or whether in fun,  
He carried away a few locks of the sun.

The state of poor Phaëton's coach was a blue one,  
And Jupiter ordered Apollo a new one;  
But our driver felt rather too proud to say "Wo!"  
Letting horses, and harness, and every thing go  
At their terrified pleasure abroad; and the muse  
Says, they cut to this day just what capers they  
choose;

That the eyes of the chargers as meteors shine  
forth;

That their manes stream along in the lights of the  
north;

That the wheels, which are missing, are comets,  
that run

As fast as they did when they carried the sun;  
And still pushing forward, though never arriving,  
Think the west is before them, and Phaëton driving.

## AN AFTER DINNER ECOLOGUE.

BY MICAH P. FLINT. 1826.

### PETTYFOG.

Tax plates removed, three full decanters stand,  
With rival wines, each from a foreign land;  
And taper glasses wait at each right hand.  
Meanwhile, my friends, two fine accomplished beaus,  
Alternate song with mutual fires propose.

### DANDICULE.

Let Pettyfog decide; for he has read,  
What lawyers, judges, and reporters said;  
And all law's winding labyrinths he knows;  
When law have these; when equity have those;  
And when the frightened client will agree,  
To prop his cause by paying double fee.  
And still, to give our wits a keener edge,  
The victor bard shall win a forfeit pledge.  
Be mine this massy watch, and chain of gold,  
By Paxton made, and scarcely six months old;  
With curious art contrived the time to tell,  
In silver sounds, from tinkling, tiny bell;  
And still so true, that by it Cleanwatch found,  
The lazy earth too slow in turning round.

### PUSHWELL.

Though my keen wit needs not a whetted edge,  
I meet the challenge, and accept the pledge.  
Be mine this quizzing glass, by Clelia worn,  
And from her breast by this rash right hand torn;

When late I strove, to snatch a forfeit kiss;  
While she, with covering hands, still barred my  
bliss;

Till, struggling free, she fled, and left me this.  
Its power, to aid the curious gazer's eye,  
And bring one's nearest neighbor still more nigh;  
With easy, graceful, astronomic stare,  
To lend a charm to e'en the fairest fair;  
Its golden chasing, set around with pearl,  
And wrought with her own cipher's turning curl;  
Its massy chain, which, but the other day,  
An ample pawn for thirty guineas lay;  
All these in this their mingling worth combine;  
And make, at least, an answering pledge to thine.

### DANDICULE.

Modern bards, like bards of old,  
Still confess the power of gold;  
Still 'tis Hymen's brightest charm;  
Still it points the warrior's arm.  
Still the senseless, and the sage,  
Men of every clime and age,  
Blushing maids and hoydens bold,  
Yield alike the palm to Gold.

### PUSHWELL.

Gold, 'tis true, was once the rage,  
But, 'twas in a golden age.

Brass is all the fashion now ;  
 For 'twill shine on any brow.  
 Brass will hide the silly red,  
 O'er the conscious forehead spread ;  
 Brass will every stain disguise.  
 'Tis by brass that great men rise ;  
 And each dull, conceited ass  
 Seeks, nor needs a better pass,  
 Than a sturdy front of brass.

## DANDICULE.

See, at Miser Griptight's gate,  
 How the coach-borne gentles wait.  
 See, as you will see to-morrow,  
 When you go yourself to borrow,  
 How they'll bow and fawn and cringe ;  
 Till on rusty creaking hinge,  
 Opens again the iron chest,  
 Where his hoarded treasures rest.  
 See their eyes, like gamesters, glower,  
 Till the prize is in their power ;  
 Then their proud, majestic gait,  
 Fearless look, and brow elate :  
 And own, that honor, place and fame,  
 And all the homage great ones claim,  
 Like their vote, is bought, and sold,  
 With old Miser Griptight's Gold.

## PUSHWELL.

Hear the brainless demagogue,  
 From a stump or rotten log,  
 On the next election day,  
 Like another jackass bray.  
 See the gaping, idiot crowd,  
 (While the numskull, bawling loud,  
 Up and down the gamut goes,  
 Like a man with stopt-up nose.)  
 Thickly clustering round him hang,  
 Charmed by his nasal twang,  
 As, 'tis said in days of yore,  
 Wiser brutes did once before ;  
 When with the trees they ran to admire  
 The music of the Orphean Lyre.  
 See him next, profoundly great,  
 Seated at the helm of state ;  
 Where his empty, brazen air,  
 Goes for genius, thought, and care.  
 Hear him, lauded to the skies,  
 As the great, the good, the wise.  
 And own that nothing can surpass  
 The innate strength of native brass.

## DANDICULE.

See the poor, industrious man,  
 Who, though under fortune's ban,  
 Still preserves a stainless mind.  
 See him, shunned of all his kind,  
 Just as though they feared to catch  
 Want contagious, of the wretch.  
 While the man of wealth and crime  
 Hears their flattery's cuckoo chime.  
 Though his hand, unshrinking, tore  
 The poor orphan's little store.  
 Though, to swell his useless heaps,  
 Many a houseless widow weeps.  
 See all this ; and you must own,  
 That, to reach Distinction's throne,  
 Golden keys the path unbar ;  
 That her easiest, swiftest car  
 Up and down the world is rolled,  
 On little truckle wheels of Gold.

## PUSHWELL.

See, how modest merit lies,  
 All unmarked by common eyes ;  
 Like the rich gem of the mine,  
 Thrown before the stupid swine.  
 See the mind, whose giant grasp  
 Might the weal of empires clasp  
 Strive to rise by worth, in vain ;  
 While some fool, with shallow brain,  
 Mounts the car, and takes the rein.  
 See all this, and then confess,  
 That, in this age of brazenness,  
 Worth itself, ere it can pass,  
 Must be plated o'er with brass.

## DANDICULE.

See Miss Dumbey, come from school ;  
 Just a little simpering fool ;  
 Who knows not what to say or do,  
 Or if the sky be red or blue ;  
 Yet, whose negroes and plantation,  
 Stand instead of animation.  
 See the young men, making at her ;  
 See them bowing ; hear them flatter ;  
 Praise her eyes, her ears, her nose,  
 Knuckles, fingers, thumbs, and toes.  
 Sighing at each several feature.  
 Oh ! the little heavenly creature.  
 See the little ninny caught  
 See her worthless husband bought.  
 See all this, and own at once,  
 That wits, and sages, fop, and dunce,  
 Like market pigs are bought, and sold,  
 For a paltry sum of gold.



## PUSHWELL.

See Miss Brazen, who can't bear,  
 Covered breasts, and shading hair.  
 See her, with unshrinking glance,  
 Staring round her in the dance ;  
 Though, for comfort, and for ease,  
 And to catch the cooling breeze,

She has doffed her useless dress,  
Like poor Truth, to nakedness.  
See her favors proudly sported:  
See her sought, caressed, and courted;  
Just because she will, and can  
Stare down any mortal man.  
See all this, and learn, what bait  
Surest catches small and great.  
See all this; and vanquished, own  
That 'tis brass, and brass alone.

## DANDICULE.

Gold has made me what I am.  
All the rest is but a flam.  
The same voters, who support me;  
The same friends, who puff, and court me;  
Do, what they had never done,  
Had I been a poor man's son.  
But my good old father, knowing  
How the time and tides were going,  
Gathered up, and left me clear,  
Forty thousand every year.  
And now, though my ideas flow,  
As I confess, somewhat too slow,  
No one calls me dull, or heavy.  
Still I lead the brightest bery;  
Still am called through all the city,  
Easy, learned, and brave and witty,  
Which is just as good to me,  
As though it were reality.  
Cease then; cease thy impious song.  
Own that thou wert in the wrong,  
Thus to brave a power divine.  
And, for penance at her shrine,  
Still with pious care attend,  
Some rich, strapping better half,  
Making thee a golden calf.

## PUSHWELL.

But for brass, what had I been?  
And what a thousand other men?  
Plain, honest fools, condemned to toil,  
And earn our living from the soil.  
But, thanks to my old mother's care,  
I never earned a mouthful there.  
Warned by a strange, mysterious dream,  
She sought a certain western stream,  
Whose waters, like the Stygian wave,  
Confer a charm on all who lave;  
A brazen charm, from which Truth's lance,  
And Shame's keen arrows harmless glance.  
There, where mothers souse their billies,  
As the Greek one did Achilles,  
Mine soused me, all, but the heel;  
The only place, where I can feel  
One lingering spot of diffidence;  
And I have been at some expense,  
With brass heeled boots stout, firm, and stable,  
Still to be invulnerable.  
Cease then; cease thy song to wage,  
'Gainst the genius of the age.  
And oh! thou brazen deity,  
Still propitious be to me.  
I ask thee not for worth, or sense.  
Grant me only impudence,  
Grant me that unfailing pass,  
A shame-proof mail of sturdy brass.

## PETTIFOG.

Enough; enough. I know not which to praise.  
You sing as much alike as two blue jays.  
And Phoebus' self, were he to judge the strain,  
Would find e'en his discrimination vain.  
Let each take back his pledge, and, like twin-  
brother,  
Present a pewter medal to the other.

## THE RESULTS OF PHRENOLOGY.

FROM "THE MERRY TALES OF THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM." BY JAMES K. PAULDING. 1826.

THE lecture with which Dr. Gallgotha commenced his course in Paris, was the same that frightened the sovereign princess and her court into fits; but I will do the ladies of Paris the justice to say that they stood the display of our phrenological specimens, like heroines; whether it be that the French women are naturally bolder than the German, or that a certain fashionable philosopher had in some degree prepared them for scientific horrors, by his exhibition of fossil remains. The thing took amazingly—there was something new in the idea of looking at the back of the head, instead of the face, to ascertain the peculiarities of human character, and novelty is indispensable to the existenee of people who have exhausted all other pleasures. There were indeed some ladies belonging to the coteries of the old lecturers, who affected to laugh at the doctor's theory, but even they were effectually silenced by a discovery of my master, that the organ of tune was developed in the head of the famous composer Rossini, to such a degree that it had actually monopolized nearly the whole of his cerebellum. There was no resisting this proof, not only that Rossini was a great composer of tunes, but likewise that the doctor's science was infallible. The addler and the doctor accordingly were the

two greatest men in Paris. The rage for cerebral developments became intense, and thenceforward every lady of the least pretensions to fashion or science procured a skull, marked and mapped conformably with the principles of the sublime science, which she placed on her toilet, in order that she might dress and study at the same time. Two or three of the most zealous female devotees actually fell in love with the doctor, being deeply smitten with his cerebral development. The fashionable gentlemen, whose sole business is to make love, began to grow jealous of Varus and his legions, and one or two ludicrous anecdotes occurred which set all Paris tittering. I will relate them, although I cannot vouch for their truth any farther than to say that every body believed them.

A young nobleman was deeply enamored of a beautiful lady of high rank, and particularly jealous of one of his rivals who wore powder in his hair. He had been absent some weeks on military duty, and returning to town one evening, proceeded directly to the house of his mistress intending to surprise her with a visit. Finding a servant at the door, he inquired for the lady, and was told that she was so deeply engaged that she could see nobody. The jealousy of the lover was alarmed, and pushing





the servant aside, he proceeded silently towards the lady's boudoir, the door of which he found shut. Pausing a moment, he heard as he imagined two voices within exchanging words of most particular endearment, and something in the pause that sounded like kissing. Human nature could stand it no longer. He peeped through the key-hole, where he saw a sight that drove him to madness. The lady was sitting by the light of a fire which was fast going out, caressing and fondling a figure, the whiteness of whose head too well indicated his detestable powdered rival. From time to time he heard the words amateness, adhesiveness, hope, secretiveness, and elopement, or something that sounded very like it. The thing was perfectly plain—they were exchanging professions of love and planning an elopement. The sight and the conviction was no longer to be borne. He burst open the door furiously, and being in full uniform as an officer of the guards, drew his sword, and making a desperate blow at the powdered head, it flew off the shoulders and rolled upon the floor. The lady shrieked and sunk from her seat; and the jealous lover hearing a noise in the outward apartments, and supposing he had done the gentleman's business pretty effectually, bethought himself that it was high time to take care of himself. He accordingly made the best of his way out of the house, towards the gate St. Honoré, through which he hurried into the country, nor stopped till he had safely lodged himself within his castle of Normandy.

From thence he wrote a letter filled with the most cutting reproaches—charging his mistress with falsehood, cruelty, deceit, and all sorts of villainy, and vowing on the cross of his sword, never to see her more. The lady laughed two full hours on the receipt of this defiance. When she had done laughing, as she really had a regard for her admirer, she sat down and wrote him the following reply:

"Good Monsieur Jealousy—

"You are welcome to call me what you will, except it be old or ugly. However, I forgive you, and so does the formidable rival whose head you so

dexterously fevered from his body, and who I give you my honor is not the least the worse for the accident. I solemnly assure you, you may come back to Paris without the least danger of being prosecuted by the family of Monsieur M——, or being received by me with ill humor, for I shall laugh at you terribly. Your Friend, N. N."

This epistle puzzled the lover not a little, and caused him fifty sensations in a minute. First he would return to Paris, and then he would not—then he resolved never to see his mistress again—and next to mount his horse, return immediately, look her stone dead, and then set out on his travels to the interior of Africa. This last resolution carried the day, and he forthwith returned to Paris in as great a hurry as he had left it. When the lady saw him, she was as good as her word—she laughed herself out of breath, and the more he reproached her, the louder she laughed. However, as anger and laughter can't last for ever, a truce took place in good time, and the lady addressed her lover as follows:

"Cease thy reproaches, my good friend, and hear me. I am determined to give you the most convincing proof in the world of my truth and attachment, by delivering your rival into your hands, to be dealt with as you think proper. Know that he is now concealed in this very room."

"Is he?" replied the other in a rage—"then by heaven, he has not long to live—I shall take care to cut off his head so effectually this time that the most expert surgeon in Paris shall not put it on again—where is the lurking catiff? But I need not ask—I see his infernal powdered head peeping from under the sofa—come out, villain, and receive the reward of thy insolence in rivalling me."

So saying, he seized the treacherous powdered head, and to his astonishment drew it forth without any body to it. He stood aghast—and the lady threw herself on the sofa, and laughed ten times louder than before.

"What in the name of woman," cried he at last, "is the meaning of all this mummerly?"



"It means that I am innocent—and that your worship is—jealous of the skull, or what is worse, the plaster counterfeit of the skull of your great-grandmother, the immortal author of the *Grand Cyrus*. I was but admiring the beautiful indication of the amative organ, from which it plainly appears impossible that any other person could have written such prodigiously long developments of the tender passion."

"But why did you kiss the filthy representation of mortality?"

"You were mistaken," answered the lady—"as the room was rather dark, I placed my face close to it in order the better to see and admire its beautiful cerebral development."

"Its what?" replied the lover impatiently.

"Its phrenological indications."

"And what in the name of heaven are these?" cried the lover, in some alarm for the intellects of his fair mistress. The lady then proceeded to explain to him the revolution in science which had taken place during his absence; and a reconciliation being the consequence, that night took him to the doctor's lecture that he might no longer be an age behind the rest of the world. The story got abroad—indeed the lady could not resist telling it herself to a friend, with strict injunctions of secrecy—and all Paris became still more devoted to the sublime science for having afforded such an excellent subject for a joke.

The other story relates to a young nobleman whose situation near the king, and orthodox ultraism, made him a very distinguished person in the beau-monde. But he was distinguished only in a certain way; that is, he was a sort of butt, on whose shoulders every ridiculous incident was regularly fathered, whether it owed its paternity to him or not. As Pasquin stands sponsor for all the wise sayings of Rome, so M. the Viscount came in for all the foolish actions of Paris. He was, as it were, residuary legatee to all the posthumous follies of his ancestors, as well as the living absurdities of his noble contemporaries. He was one of those people who fancy themselves most eminently qualified for that for which they are most peculiarly un-

fit, and whom folly and vanity combined, are perpetually stimulating to act in direct opposition to nature or destiny. He was contemptible in his person—yet he set up for a beau and Adonis—he was still more contemptible in mind—yet he never rested till he had bought the title of *Mæcenas* and a sava, of an industrious manufacturer of ultra doggerel rhymes, whom he had got into the National Institute. He was, moreover, born for a valet, or at best, a pastry cook—yet he aspired to the lofty chivalry and inflexible honor of a feudal baron; and he became a soldier, only, as it would seem, because he was the greatest coward in all Paris. It was well known that he gave five hundred francs to a noted bully to let him beat him at a public coffee house, and afterwards allowed his brother, a tall grenadier, a pension not to kill him for it.

The Viscount had likewise been absent some months at a small town, in one of the northern departments, whither he had gone to suppress an insurrection, began by two or three fish-women, stimulated, as was shrewdly suspected, by an old gardener, who had, as was confidently asserted, been one of Napoleon's trumpeters. On his return, he for the first time heard of the sublime science and its progress among the beau-monde. The Viscount hated all innovations in science, or indeed any thing else. He aspired to be a second Joshua, and to make the sun of intellect at least stand still, if he could not make it go backwards, as he had good hopes of doing. Without waiting to hear any of the particulars of our exhibition, he hastened, armed and in uniform as he was, to the hotel where the doctor was at that moment just commencing a lecture.

The valiant Viscount advanced with great intrepidity close to the table, and leaning gracefully on his sword, listened in silence to discover whether there was any thing that smacked of democracy or heterodoxy. At the proper moment I put my hand into our Golgotha, and leisurely drew forth the far-famed skull of Varus, who I have always considered the most fortunate man of all antiquity, in having been surprised and slain in the now more me-



morale than ever forest of Teutoburgium. As we scientific gentlemen have a hawk's eye for a new comer, one of whom is worth a host of old faces at a lecture, I took care in bringing the cerebral development forth, to thrust it directly towards the face of the viscount with the teeth foremost. The viscount fell back, fainted, and lay insensible for some minutes. But the moment he revived, he started upon his legs in a frenzy of terror, and began to lay about him with his good sword so valiantly that nobody dared to come near him. First he attacked the doctor and myself, whom he charged with the massacre of the eleven thousand virgins, and the introduction of infidel skulls into France, which was tantamount to preaching infidelity. The innocent cerebellum of poor Varus, next felt the effects of his terror-inspired valor. He hacked it until the cerebral development was entirely destroyed, and then proceeded in like manner to make an example of the contents of the bag, which he shivered without mercy, with his invincible sword. In short, before he fairly came to his senses, the worthy gentleman had demolished almost every thing in the room—put out the lights, and frightened every soul from the lecture. The solitude and darkness which succeeded, brought him gradually to his recollection, when finding himself thus left alone with the ruins of so many pagan skulls, he gave a great shriek, scampered out of the room, and did not stop until he had sheltered himself in the very centre of a corporal and his guard, belonging to his regiment, who all swore they would stand by him to the last drop of their blood.

This adventure was fatal to my master, Dr. Gallgotha. In the first place, it deprived him of nearly the whole of his phrenological specimens, and without these he was like a workman despoiled of his tools. Besides, the viscount had the very next morning demanded an audience of the king, in which he denounced the doctor, as tinctured very strongly with liberalism, and its invariable concomitants of sacrilege and impiety. Now I will venture to affirm, that the good doctor was not only perfectly ignorant of the very meaning of the word liberal, but that he was equally innocent of the other two charges. The truth is, all his organs of faith, morality, and politics, were swallowed up, or elbowed out of the cerebellum, by the prodigious expansion of the organ of ideality or invention. However this may be, the king was more afraid of the three abominations of liberalism, than of plague, pestilence, and famine. He consulted the Jesuits, who forthwith decided upon taking the poor doctor and all his works into custody. The valiant viscount, who always volunteered in all cases of liberalism and impiety, undertook the task, aided by a guard of soldiers armed in proof, for he did not know but the doctor might have another bag full of pericraniums. Advancing with great caution, they surrounded the house, while the captain of the guard, with three stout resolute fellows, entered for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground, and especially of ascertaining that there were no skulls to frighten the viscount. That gallant soldier, having

settled the latter point to his satisfaction, charged bayonet, in the rear of his guards, and rushing up stairs in spite of Varus and his legions, detected the doctor in the very act of committing to memory a new lecture he had just composed for the purpose of demonstrating that there was a certain organ of the cerebellum, the enlarged development of which always entailed upon its possessor the absolute necessity of committing murder. The doctor and I were clapped up in prison, and his lecture carried to court to undergo a strict examination by the king's confessor and the Jesuits.

It was some time before these expert mousers of radicalism and infidelity could make any thing of the doctor's lecture, or discover any offence to church or state. At length, they came to that part where, in summing up the subject, he laid down the doctrine of the actual necessity certain persons labored under of committing murder, and that the rule applied as well to kings as to their subjects.

"He inculcates the doctrine of equality," cried one—"he denies the divine right of kings."

"He is a republican," cried a second.

"He is a traitor," cried a third.

A little farther on, they found the following assertion:—"I deny that the three legions of Varus formed one body."

"Behold!" said the confessor, "he denies the trinity—he maintains that three is not one—enough, let us burn the book and hang the doctor."

Some of the more moderate counsellors, however, as I afterwards learned, petitioned for a mitigation of the sentence, which was finally commuted into perpetual banishment. We were sent for to hear our doom, and the viscount, who always liked a good-natured errand, was the bearer of the message. As we followed him into the palace, which we all entered uncovered, the doctor observed to me that the viscount had a most formidable development of the organ of self-esteem. The confessor lectured the doctor upon his vile infidelity, his liberalism, and disaffection to church and state, all which came as naturally together as so many chemical affinities. The doctor demanded the proof, and was referred to the passages I have just repeated.

It was in vain that he referred in turn to the other members of the sentences thus garbled, to prove that he was neither alluding to religion nor politics in his lecture.

"No matter," said a cunning Jesuit, who could convert a wink of the eye into treason, and a nod of the head into blasphemy—"no matter—a proposition may be both treasonable and heterodoxical in itself, although it has no immediate application to either politics or religion. The assertion that three does not make one, is complete in itself, and requires no reference either to what precedes, or what follows. In two months you must be out of France."

And thus were we banished from the paradise of lecturers, only because Doctor Gallgotha had wickedly and impiously asserted that the physical organs of kings were the same with those of cobblers, and that three legions, separately encamped, did not make one body.

FINN'S BENEFIT.—The celebrated comedian, Finn, issued the following *morceau* the day previous to one of his benefits, at Tremont Theatre, in the city of Boston:

"Like a *grate* full of coals, I burn  
A great, full house to see;  
And, if I prove not *grateful* too,  
A *great* fool I shall be."

## THE PRINTER'S "HOUR OF PEACE."

A Parody.

BY ROBERT S. COFFIN, THE BOSTON BARD. 1826.

Know ye the Printer's hour of peace!  
 Know ye an hour more fraught with joy,  
 Than ever felt the maid of Greece,  
 When kissed by Venus' amorous boy?

'Tis not when round the mazy case,  
 His nimble fingers kiss the types;  
 Nor is it when, with lengthened face,  
 The sturdy devil's tail he gripes.

'Tis not when news, of dreadful note,  
 His columns all with minion fill;  
 'Tis not when brother printers quote  
 The effusions of his stump-worm quill.

'Tis not when all his work is done,  
 His glimmering fire he hovers near,  
 And, heedless of the coming dun,  
 Grows merry o'er a pint of beer.

'Tis not when in Miss Fancy's glass  
 Long advertisements meet his eye,  
 And seem to whisper as they pass,  
 "We'll grace your columns by and by."

Nor is it when with numerous names  
 His lengthened roll of vellum swells,  
 As if 'twere touched by conjurer's wand,  
 Or grew by fairies' magic spells.

No, reader, no; the Printer's hour,  
 His hour of real, sweet repose,  
 Is not when by some magic power  
 His list of patrons daily grows.

But, ah, 'tis when stern winter, drear,  
 Comes robed in snow, and rain, and vapor,  
 He hears in whispers kind and dear,  
 "We've come to pay you for the paper."

## FIRST OF MAY IN NEW YORK.

BY ROBERT S. COFFIN, THE BOSTON BARD.

First of May, clear the way!  
 Baskets, barrows, trundles;  
 Take good care, mind the ware!  
 Betty, where's the bundles?  
 Pots and kettles, broken victuals,  
 Feather beds, plaster heads,  
 Looking-glasses, torn mattresses,  
 Spoons and ladles, babies—cradles,  
 Cups and saucers, salts and castors.  
 Hurry, scurry—grave and gay,  
 All must trudge the first of May.

Now we start, mind the cart!  
 Shovels, bedclothes, bedding:  
 On we go, soft and slow,  
 Like a beggar's wedding!  
 Jointed stools, domestic tools,  
 Chairs unbacked, tables cracked,

Gridiron black, spit and jack,  
 Trammels, hooks, musty books,  
 Old potatoes, ventilators.  
 Hurry, scurry, grave or gay,  
 On we trudge the first of May.

Now we've got, to the spot,  
 Bellows, bureau, settee;  
 Rope untie, mind your eye,  
 Pray be careful, Betty;  
 Lord! what's there? Broken ware;  
 Decanters dash'd, China smash'd,  
 Pickles spoiled, carpets soiled,  
 Sideboard scratch'd, cups unmatch'd,  
 Empty casks, broken flasks.  
 Hurry, scurry—grave or gay,  
 Devil take the first of May.

EZEKIEL AND DANIEL.—The following anecdote of Mr. Webster is told by a correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, as an illustration of the uncertainty of worldly fame, and the folly of making it the controlling object of life:—"A few years since, but before the great Northern Railroad passed through his farm, he was on his way to the old homestead. He took the stage at Concord, New Hampshire, and had for a companion a very old man. After some conversation, he ascertained that the old man was from the neighboring town of Salisbury, and asked him if he ever knew Captain Webster. 'Surely I did,' said the old man; 'and the

captain was a brave and good man, sir; and nobly did he fight for us, with General Stark, at Bennington.' 'Did he leave any children?' said Mr. Webster. 'O, yes; there was Ezekiel, and, I think, Daniel.' 'And what has become of them,' asked Mr. Webster. 'Why, Ezekiel—and he was a powerful man, sir—I have heard him *plead* in court often; yes, sir, he was a powerful man, and fell dead while pleading at Concord.' 'Well,' said Mr. Webster, 'and what became of Daniel?' 'Daniel, Daniel,' repeated the old man, thoughtfully; 'why Daniel, I *believe*, is a lawyer about Boston somewhere.'"

## OLD GRIMES.

BY ALBERT G. GREENE. 1827.



Old Grimes is dead—that good old man—  
We ne'er shall see him more;  
He wore a single-breasted coat  
That buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,  
His feelings all were true;  
His hair was some inclined to gray,  
He wore it in a queue.

When'er was heard the voice of pain,  
His breast with pity burned;  
The large round head upon his cane  
From ivory was turned.

Thus ever prompt at pity's call,  
He knew no base design;  
His eyes were dark, and rather small,  
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,  
In friendship he was true;  
His coat had pocket holes behind,  
His pantaloons were blue.

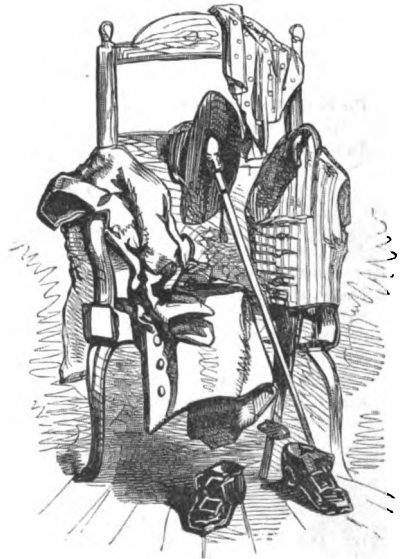
But poor old Grimes is now at rest,  
Nor fears misfortune's frown;  
He had a double-breasted vest,  
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,  
And pay it its desert;  
He had no malice in his mind,  
No ruffle on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse;  
Was sociable and gay;  
He wore not rights and lefts for shoes,  
But changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,  
He never brought to view;  
Nor made a noise town-meeting days,  
As many people do.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,  
His peaceful moments ran;  
And every body said he was  
A fine old gentleman.



A SHARP WITTED SHAVER.—A grand melo-dramatic spectacle was being rehearsed in the Park Theatre a few years since, in which a magnificent car, drawn by horses, was to make its appearance on the stage through a trap-door. Mr. Manager S. supervised in person the rehearsal. The period arrived when the horses should appear dragging the gilded car—the stage was detained—the actors im-

patient—the manager wrathful, demanding in a loud voice of the man whose business it was to see all right below, in the regions of mystery and enchantment, why he delayed the car. "Somebody has cut the traces, sir." "Cut the traces?" asked the manager. "Why, nobody's had access there to-day but yourself." "They wasn't cut with axes, sir; they vas cut with a knife!"

## THE OLD CLOCK.

BY JAMES NACK. 1826.

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,  
Stopped at a tavern on their way;  
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,  
And woke to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will,  
Sent for the landlord and the bill;  
Will looked it over; "Very right—  
But hold! what wonder meets my sight?  
Tom! the surprise is quite a shock!"  
"What wonder? where?"—"The clock! the  
clock!"

Tom and the landlord in amaze  
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,  
And for a moment neither spoke;  
At last the landlord silence broke:

"You mean the clock that's ticking there?  
I see no wonder, I declare;  
Though may be, if the truth were told,  
Tis rather ugly—somewhat old;  
Yet time it keeps to half a minute,  
But, if you please, what wonder's in it?"

"Tom, don't you recollect," said Will,  
"The clock at Jersey near the mill,  
The very image of this present,  
With which I won the wager pleasant?"  
Will ended with a knowing wink—  
Tom scratched his head, and tried to think.  
"Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"  
The landlord said, with grin admiring,  
"What wager was it?"

"You remember  
It happened, Tom, in last December,  
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue  
That it was more than he could do,

To make his finger go and come  
In keeping with the pendulum,  
Repeating, till one hour should close,  
Still '*here she goes—and there she goes*'—  
He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if I would, the deuce is in it!"  
Exclaimed the landlord; "try me yet,  
And fifty dollars be the bet."  
"Agreed, but we will play some trick  
To make you of the bargain sick!"  
"I'm up to that!"

"Don't make us wait;  
Begin, the clock is striking eight."  
He seats himself, and left and right  
His finger wags with all his might,  
And hoarse his voice, and hoarser grows,  
With "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Hold!" said the Yankee, "plank the ready!"  
The landlord wagged his finger steady,  
While his left hand, as well as able,  
Conveyed a purse upon the table.  
"Tom, with the money let's be off!"  
This made the landlord only scoff;  
He heard them running down the stair,  
But was not tempted from his chair;  
Thought he, "the fools! I'll bite them yet!  
So poor a trick shan't win the bet."  
And loud and loud the chorus rose  
Of "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"  
While right and left his finger swung,  
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in, to see  
Her daughter; "where is Mrs. B—?  
When will she come, as you suppose?  
Son!"  
"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"



"Here!—where?"—the lady in surprise  
His finger followed with her eyes;  
"Son, why that steady gaze and sad?  
Those words—that motion—are you mad?  
But here's your wife—perhaps she knows  
And"—

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,  
And rushed to him and seized his arm;  
He shook her off, and to and fro  
His fingers persevered to go.  
While curled his very nose with ire,  
That *she* against him should conspire,  
And with more furious tone arose  
The "*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I'm in a whirl!"  
Run down and bring the little girl;  
She is his darling, and who knows  
But"—

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks! he is mad! what made him thus?  
Good Lord! what will become of us?  
Run for a Doctor—run—run—run—  
For Doctor Brown, and Doctor Dun,  
And Doctor Black, and Doctor White,  
And Doctor Grey, with all your might."

The doctors came, and looked and wondered,  
And shook their heads, and paused and pondered,

Till one proposed he should be bled,  
"No—leached you mean," the other said—  
"Clap on a blister" roared another,  
"No—cup him"—"no—trepan him, brother!"

~~A sixth would recommend a purge,~~  
The next would an emetic urge,  
The eighth, just come from a dissection,  
His verdict gave for an injection;  
The last produced a box of pills,  
A certain cure for earthly ills;  
"I had a patient yesternight,"  
Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight,  
And as the only means to save her,  
Three dozen patent pills I gave her,  
And by to-morrow, I suppose  
That"—

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"You all are fools," the lady said,  
"The way is, just to shave his head,  
Run, bid the barber come anon"—  
"Thanks, mother," thought her clever son,  
"You help the knaves that would have bit me,  
But all creation shan't out-wit me!"  
Thus to himself, while to and fro  
His finger perseveres to go,  
And from his lips no accent flows  
But "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

The barber came—"Lord help him! what  
A queerish customer I've got;  
But we must do our best to save him—  
So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"  
But here the doctors interpose—  
"A woman never"—

"*There she goes!*"

"A woman is no judge of physic,  
Not even when her baby is sick.  
He must be bled"—"no—no—a blister"—  
"~~A purge you mean~~"—"I say a clyster"—  
"No—cup him"—"leech him"—"pills! pills!  
pills!"

And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? what means that  
shiver?

The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,  
And triumph brightens up his face—  
His finger yet shall win the race!  
The clock is on the stroke of nine—  
And up he starts—"Tis mine! 'tis mine!"  
"What do you mean?"

"I mean the fifty!  
I never spent an hour so thrifty;  
But you, who tried to make me lose,  
Go, burst with envy, if you choose!  
But how is this! where are they?"

"Who?"  
"The gentlemen—I mean the two  
Came yesterday—are they below?"  
"They galloped off an hour ago."  
"Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!  
For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!"

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

BY JAMES N. BARKER. 1827.

SHE was, indeed, a pretty little creature,  
So meek, so modest: what a pity, madam,  
That one, so young and innocent, should fall  
A prey to the ravenous wolf.

—The wolf, indeed!

You've left the nursery to but little purpose,  
If you believe a wolf could ever speak,  
Though in the time of Æsop or before.  
—Was't not a wolf then? I have read the story  
A hundred times; and heard it told; nay, told it  
Myself to my younger sisters, when we've shrank  
Together in the sheets, from very terror,  
And, with protecting arms each round the other,  
E'en sobb'd ourselves to sleep. But I remember  
I saw the story acted on the stage,  
Last winter in the city, I and my school-mates,

With our most kind preceptress, Mrs. Bazely.  
And so it was a robber, not a wolf,  
That met poor little Red Riding Hood i' the wood?  
—Nor wolf nor robber, child: this nursery tale  
Contains a hidden moral.

—Hidden: nay,  
I'm not so young, but I can spell it out,  
And thus it is: Children, when sent on errands,  
Must never stop by the way to talk with wolves.  
—Tut! wolves again; wilt listen to me, child?  
—Say on, dear grandma.

—Thus then, dear, my daughter:  
In this young person, culling wild flowers,  
You see the peril that attends the maiden  
Who, in her walk through life, yields to temptation,  
And quits the onward path to stray aside,



Allur'd by gaudy weeds.

—Nay, none but children  
Could gather butter-cups and May-weed, mother.  
But violets, dear violets—methinks  
I could live ever on a bank of violets,  
Or die most happy there.

—You die, indeed,  
At your years, die!

—Then sleep, ma'am, if you please,  
As you did yesterday, in that sweet spot  
Down by the fountain; where you seated you  
To read the last new novel—what d'y'e call't—  
The Prairie, was it not?

—It was, my love;  
And there, as I remember, your kind arm  
Pillow'd my aged head; 'twas irksome, sure,  
To your young limbs and spirit.

—No, believe me.  
To keep the insects from disturbing you  
Was sweet employment, or to fan your cheek  
When the breeze lull'd.

—You're a dear child!

—And then,

To gaze on such a scene! the grassy bank,  
So gently sloping to the rivulet,  
All purple with my own dear violet,  
And sprinkled o'er with springflowers of each tint.  
There was that pale and humble little blossom,  
Looking so like its namesake Innocence:  
The fairy-form'd, flesh-hued anemone:  
With its fair sisters, call'd by country people  
Fair maids of the spring. The lowly cinquefoil too,  
And statelier marigold. The violet sorrel  
Blushing so rosy red in bashfulness.  
And her companion of the season, dress'd  
In varied pink. The partridge evergreen,  
Hanging its fragrant waxwork on each stem,  
And studding the green sod with scarlet berries.  
—Did you see all those flowers? I mark'd them not.  
—O many more, whose names I have not learn'd.  
And then to see the light blue butterfly  
Roaming about, like an enchanted thing,  
From flower to flower, and the bright honey-bee—  
And there too was the fountain, overhung  
With bush and tree, draped by the graceful vine,  
Where the white blossoms of the dogwood, met  
The crimson red-bud, and the sweet birds sang  
Their madrigals; while the fresh springing waters,  
Just stirring the green fern that bathed within them,  
Leapt joyful o'er their fairy mound of rock,

And fell in music—then pass'd prattling on,  
Between the flowery banks that bent to kiss them.  
I dreamed not of these sights or sounds.

—Then just

Beyond the brook there lay a narrow strip,  
Like a rich riband, of enamell'd meadow,  
Girt by a pretty precipice, whose top  
Was crown'd with rose-bay. Half way down there  
stood,

Sylph-like, the light fantastic columbine,  
As ready to leap down unto her lover  
Harlequin Bartsia, in his painted vest  
Of green and crimson.

—Tut! enough, enough,  
Your madcap fancy runs too riot, girl.  
We must shut up your books of botany.  
And give you graver studies.

—Will you shut  
The book of nature, too?—for it is that  
I love and study. Do not take me back  
To the cold, heartless city, with its forms  
And dull routine? its artificial manners  
And arbitrary rules; its cheerless pleasures  
And mirthless masquing. Yet a little longer  
O let me hold communion here with nature.  
—Well, well, we'll see. But we neglect our lectures  
Upon this picture.

—Poor Red Riding Hood!  
We had forgotten her; yet mark, dear madam,  
How patiently the poor thing waits our leisure.  
And now the hidden moral.

—Thus it is:  
Mere children read such stories literally;  
But the more elderly and wise deduce  
A moral from the fiction. In a word,  
The wolf that you must guard against is—Love.  
—I thought love was an infant; "toujours enfant."  
—The world and love were young together, child,  
And innocent,—alas! time changes all things.  
—True, I remember, love is now a man.  
And the song says, "a very saucy one."  
But how a wolf?

—In ravenous appetite,  
Unpitying and unsparing, passion is oft  
A beast of prey. As the wolf to the lamb  
Is he to innocence.

—I shall remember,  
For now I see the moral. Trust me, madam,  
Should I e'er meet this wolf-love in my way,  
Be he a boy or man I'll take good heed,  
And hold no converse with him.

—You'll do wisely.  
—Nor e'er in field or forest, plain or pathway,  
Shall he from me know whither I am going,  
Or whisper that he'll meet me.

—That's my child.  
—Nor, in my grandam's cottage, nor elsewhere,  
Will I e'er lift the latch for him myself,  
Or bid him pull the bobbin.

—Well, my dear,  
You've learn'd your lesson.

—Yet one thing, my mother,  
Somewhat perplexes me.

—Say what, my love?

I will explain:  
—This wolf, the story goes,  
Deceived poor grandam first, and ate her up:  
What is the moral here? Have all our grandmas  
Been first devour'd by love?

—Let us go in;  
The air grows cool—you are a forward chit.



## THE GIRL WITH THE GUN, AND THE MAN'S FRIGHT.

FROM "EUTOPIA." A NOVEL. (ANON.) 1828.

PERHAPS the reader might wish to know what became of Mr. Van Vacuum? Let it be remembered, that this unfortunate foreigner was not legally bound to engage in the battle; that he was impressed into the service; and that he could not, therefore, be expected to have much stomach for the business. In point of fact, he declined fighting altogether. It may be, that, having adopted Ovid's comparison of Love and War, he carried the parallelism throughout, and since, in the former, as his master says—*cedendo abibis victor*—so in the latter he took it for granted, that the way to conquer, was to run. Run he did, at all events; and a soliloquy, which he uttered, after the battle was ended, will best let the reader into his state of feeling on the subject. He had secreted himself among some rocks, which bordered the Round Pond mentioned by Sergeant Rigmarole; and when, through an opening in the woods, he saw the Mingo fairly vanish over the summit of Back-bone Ridge, he ventured forth:—

"Good bye to you, my Knights of the Copper Countenance!" said he, as the last Mingo disappeared from view. "I'm glad there was no need of my assistance to make you scamper over the hills. I shall live to fight another day—but not with you, or the like of you, if my will be done. I have no opinion of fighting at chance-medley in the woods—of playing at this kind of hide-and-go-seek with a parcel of savages. But, now, these Americans like the sport. They care no more for the yell of an Indian than I do for the *peep* of a chicken. I looked into the rascals' faces as we were making our way in the woods; and though I thought my whole substance would run in perspiration through the pores of my skin, I could not see that one of them was in the slightest degree affected by their situation. The fact is, they are savages themselves; and I shall so write them down in my book. They, I shall remark, with oracular gravity, They who fight like savages must themselves be savages. He who has no other tactics than that of dodging behind trees and bushes, though a white man at the surface, must be an Indian at the bottom—and so forth, and so forth. Then they are as simple as savages. An Englishman can bamboozle them as he pleases. I'll bet now, I shall make this whole town believe I have this day fought most heroically. And I wish I could but have an interview with Mary Blaxton. I think I could persuade her charmingly."

With this Mr. Van Vacuum commenced a slow and musing walk, in a homeward direction, upon the shore of Round Pond. This beautiful mirror of waters was about one mile in circuit. Its shore was of rock; but disjointed and irregular, sometimes approaching near the water's edge, then receding to a considerable distance—here rising perpendicularly to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and there sloping off with a gentle declivity. The ground was covered with an undergrowth principally of honeysuckle and whortleberry; amidst which stood up the loftier and more lusty oaks and hickories.

Mr. Van Vacuum muttered as he went; but his

words, it should seem, contained only the *disjecta membra* of his thoughts:—

"Good!—It would work—as Hotspur says, an excellent plot—it would bring her to terms—Ovid exactly—could I only meet—"

Both tongue and feet of the soliloquist were here arrested. He was turning the point of a rock, when his eye encountered an object, that brought the prospect of accomplishing his present purposes much nearer than he had anticipated. It was Mary Blaxton herself. The reader has already been informed that she left her mother's house soon after hearing the news of Captain Homebred's fate. Round Pond was one of her favorite resorts; and she was now sitting where she had often sat before—on a sort of natural seat in the rocks; the ground descending from her feet in a gentle declivity to the edge of the water. She was reclining a little to the right; her head resting upon her right hand, and her right elbow being supported by a rock. Between the thumb and forefinger of her left hand she was unconsciously rolling the sprig of some bush, which she had as unconsciously plucked on the way. Her head was concealed from view by a large bonnet, which had been prescribed by her mother as a shield against the sun. From the direction of this article, it was evident, that Mary was intently gazing into the bosom of the pond; though the probability is, that her thoughts were employed upon a far different subject.

After recovering from the first shock at meeting this sight, Mr. Van Vacuum advanced cautiously towards the contemplative maiden; and, to such a distance in front of her face did her bonnet project, that he was enabled to approach within a dozen steps of her before she became sensible that any person was near. He rushed briskly into her presence; and, presenting his musket in due form, said—

"We soldiers always present arms in the presence of our commanders—and you know, Miss Mary, I am always your humble servant to command."

"Then," said Mary, who, from a state of deep, tragic feeling, felt her spirits fast rising into comedy at this manœuvre of the martial pedagogue—

"Then, my obedient servant to command—shoulder arms!"

"At your service," returned the new recruit, obsequiously performing that part of the manual exercise.

"Very well—now recover arms!" continued Mary, who, from the proximity of her mother's house to the green, where all military parades took place, had learned all the ordinary words of command. Mr. Van Vacuum obeyed orders.

"To the right-about face!" added Mary. To the right-about Mr. Van accordingly wheeled.

"You are dismissed," said Mary.

"Well, but," answered the soldier, awkwardly turning round, and evincing in look, gesture, and voice, that he had been brought to a pass, which he had not anticipated; "will my royal mistress, Mary, Queen of Hearts, thus thrust from her presence, a dutiful subject, that had just returned from the field of battle?"

"True," returned Mary, assuming the princely air. "Intelligence hath reached our royal ear, that you have rendered signal service to the state; that you have taught my subjects generalship—that you formed yourself into a body of reserve, and took your post most prudently beyond the reach of Indian rifles; and that, so effectually did you keep the secret of your movements, that no person even knew the position you had taken in such a masterly manner. All this we learn from our trusty and right worthy cousin, Lord Ore Rigmorole."

"He lies!" exclaimed Mr. Van Vacuum. "I'll say it in his teeth: it is a lie—a falsehood—an untruth. How could he tell? Were we not all scattered about—one fighting here, and another fighting there?—one dodging behind this bush, and another dodging behind that bush?—one taking aim from this tree, and another taking aim from that tree? How could we watch each other? How could they see me, or I see them? Was it not all smoke? No—it is a vile slander: they envy me: I was foremost of them all: ah! had you seen me, Mary—"

"How—Mary!" interrupted the Queen of Hearts. "A subject to a sovereign thus! How dare you be so familiar, sir, to call me *Mary*?"

"Pshaw, Miss Blaxton, will you always joke? are you never to be serious for a moment?"

"Rebel! avaunt and quit my sight," added Mary, tragically waving her hand.

"I will not budge an inch," quoth the dutiful subject: "I will be heard. You wrong me every way:—abuse me—scoff at me—play tricks upon me. Yes, your cruelty drove me into the thickest of the fight. Existence was nothing without you, and I wished to be rid of it. I faced death in every direction, but the very King of Terrors seemed to be afraid of me."

"No doubt of it," said Mary. "I should have been had I been he."

"You are pleased to be facetious, Miss Blaxton. I can only say a man's life is in his own power"—and here the brave man dropped his head in mysterious cogitation; strode a few paces one way, and strode the same back; then opened the pan of his musket, and went on—"and there are weapons that can take it. Life—what is it! a respiration! a puff of empty air: 'tis here—'tis gone!"

The performer now took another turn upon the beach, after which he drew the ramrod of his musket, let it into the barrel, and with his fingers measured the depth of the cartridge—occasionally casting a glance at Mary, who was indeed regarding him very closely, not, however, with that look of alarm, which the heroic schoolmaster had hoped to see, but with a mixed expression of humor, indignation, and pity. Having finished his manœuvres, he advanced somewhat nearer to Mary, and repeated—

"I say, Miss Blaxton, a man's life is in his own power."

"No doubt of it," answered Mary.

"I say further, Miss Blaxton, that Ebenezer Van Vacuum's life is in his own power."

"And will continue to be, no doubt," said Mary.

"But there is doubt, Miss Blaxton, and very serious doubt, too; for I am prepared to put it out of my power at this moment."

"And in what way do you propose to put it out of your power?" asked Mary Blaxton.

"By blowing out those brains which have caused

me so much hopeless misery," answered the Ovidian.

"Horrid! horrid! I hope not, Mr. Van Vacuum—I hope not."

"You know it is in your power to prevent it, Miss Blaxton: if you choose to sit by and see the thing take place, when it is in your power to prevent it, be it so."

"But Mr. Van Vacuum, how will you go about it? Who will pull the trigger for you?"

"That will I," promptly answered the suicide; who, thinking that the impression which he seemed to have made upon Mary's mind, was fading away, assumed more decision of tone, and threw himself into a fearful bustle. "I shall touch the trigger with my toe, Miss Blaxton, as you shall see presently. There are ways enough, I can assure you."

And here the speaker cocked his gun, and placed the breech upon the ground; but seemed to experience considerable difficulty in finding a good rest for it. Mary sprang up and forward, exclaiming—

"Surely, Mr. Van Vacuum, you are not in earnest! Surely you do not mean to blow your brains out indeed! Hold! for mercy's sake, hold! O good Mr. Van Vacuum give me your gun!—do! I beseech you—I'll promise—O do let me have it, (her hands were now upon the fatal weapon)—let me have it, and I'll—I'll—I'll—I will, depend upon it!"

"Will what, my dear Mary," said Mr. V. in a whining, subdued voice, as he suffered the gun to be taken from his hand—"Will what? my dear Mary."



"Blow out your brains myself," exclaimed Mary, bringing up the musket to suit the action to the word, and putting on the fiercest look of which she was mistress.

This unexpected turn of affairs seemed very considerably to discompose the brains that were to be blown out. Mr. Van Vacuum's first movement was to rise on his toes, and shrug up the shoulder nearest the muzzle of the musket; his second, to change sides, and lift up one of his legs after the other, ejaculating the while—

"Why, Miss Mary—why, Miss Blaxton—why, Miss Mary Blaxton!"

"Nay," said Mary, "no turning nor twisting, nor whining: take your fate like a man: you said you were tired of your life, and wanted to get rid of it: so stand firm. I thought you Englishmen had more pluck; but your great Dr. Johnson gives a bad account of you all. He says an army of women would outdo you. Who knows, he asks, whether Brad-dock's men were not defeated at Monongahela by squaws? And he proposes to raise a corps of female soldiers, and dismiss the men."

During this speech Mr. Van Vacuum was stealing a march upon her; which observing, she exclaimed with renewed emphasis, "Stop!" But Mr. Van Vacuum leaped into the air and ran.

Mary threw down the musket, resumed her seat in the rocks, and endeavored to account in some way for the part she had acted in this interview. She found it difficult, however, to analyze her feelings; and more than once she was ready to take to herself the name of Lady Crackbrain, given to her by her mother.

### THE BUCKWHEAT CAKE.

BY HENRY PICKERING. CIRCA, 1828.

But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful evening, without thee is sweet!

Muse, that upon the top of Pindus sitt'st,  
And with the enchanting accents of thy lyre  
Dost soothe the immortals, while thy influence sweet  
Earth's favor'd bards confess, be present now;  
Breathe through my soul, inspire thyself the song,  
And upward bear me in the adventurous flight;  
Lo the resistless theme—THE BUCKWHEAT CAKE.

Let others boastful sing the golden ear  
Whose farinaceous treasures, by nice art  
And sleight of hand, with store of milk and eggs,  
Form'd into pancakes of an ample round,  
Might please an epicure—and homebred bards  
Delight to celebrate the tassell'd maize  
Worn in the bosom of the Indian maid,  
Who taught to make the hoe-cake (dainty fair,  
When butter'd well!) I envy not their joys.  
How easier of digestion, and, beyond  
Compare, more pure, more delicate, the cake  
All other cakes above, queen of the whole,  
And triumph of the culinary art—  
The Buckwheat Cake! my passion when a boy,  
And still the object of intensest love—  
Love undivided, knowing no decline,  
Immutable. My benison on thee,  
Thou glorious Plant! that thus with gladness  
crown'dst

Life's spring time, and beneath bright Summer's eye,  
Lur'dst me so oft to revel with the bee,  
Among thy snow-white flowers: nay, that e'en yet  
Propitious, amidst visions of the past  
Which seem to make my day-dreams now of joy,  
Giv'st me to triumph o'er the ills of time.  
Thou, when the sun "pours down his sultry wrath,"  
Scorching the earth and withering every flower,  
Unlock'st, beneficent, thy fragrant cells,  
And lavishest thy perfume on the air;  
But when brown Autumn sweeps along the glebe,  
Gathering the hoar-frost in her rustling train,  
Thou captivat'st my heart! for thou dost then  
Wear a rich purple tint, the sign most sure  
That nature hath perform'd her kindly task,  
Leaving the husbandman to sum his wealth,  
And thank the bounteous Gods. O, now be wise,  
Ye swains, and use the scythe most gently; else  
The grain, plump and well-ripen'd, breaks the tie,

Which slightly binds it to the parent stalk,  
And falls in rattling showers upon the ground,  
Mocking your futile toil; or, mingled straight  
With earth, lies buried deep, with all the hopes  
Of disappointed man! Soon as the scythe  
Hath done its work, let the rake follow slow,  
With caution gathering up into a swarth  
The lusty corn; which the prompt teamster next,  
Or to the barn-floor clean transports, or heaps  
Remorseless on the ground, there to be thresh'd—  
Dull work, and most unmusical the flail!  
And yet, if ponderous rollers smooth the soil,  
The earth affords a substitute not mean  
For the more polish'd plank; and they who boast  
The texture of their meal—the sober race  
That claim a peaceful founder for their state—  
(Title worth all the kingdoms of the world!)  
Do most affect the practice. But a point,  
So subtle, others may debate; enough  
For me, if, when envelop'd in a cloud  
Of steam, hot from the mill, I perceive,  
On tasting, no rude mixture in the cake,  
Gravel, or sandy particle, to the ear  
Even painful, and most fearful in effect:  
For should the jaws in sudden contact meet,  
The while, within a luscious morsel hid,  
Some pebble comes between, lo! as the gates  
Of hell, they "grate harsh thunder;" and the man  
Aghast, writhing with pain, the table spurns,  
And looks with loathing on the rich repast.

But now, his garners full, and the sharp air  
And fancy keener still, the appetite  
Inspiring to the mill, perch'd near some crag  
Down which the foamy torrent rushes loud,  
The farmer bears his grist. And here I must  
To a discovery rare, in time advert:  
For the pure substance dense which is conceal'd  
Within the husk, and which, by process quick  
As simple, is transform'd to meal, should first  
Be clean divested of its sombre coat:  
The which effected, 'twixt the whizzing stones  
Descends the kernel, beauteous, and reduced  
To dust impalpable, comes drifting out  
In a white cloud. Let not the secret, thus  
Divulg'd, be lost on you, ye delicate!  
Unless, in sooth, convinc'd ye should prefer  
A sprinkling of the bran; for 'tis by some  
Alleg'd that this a higher zest confers.  
Who shall decide? Epicurean still  
I boast not, nor exactest taste; but if

I am to be the umpire, then I say,  
As did the Baratarian king, of sleep—  
My blessing on the man who first the art  
Divine invented! Ay, let the pure flour  
Be like the driven snow, bright to the eye,  
And unadulterate. So jovial sons  
Of Bacchus, with electric joy, behold  
"The dancing ruby;" then, impatient toss  
The clear unsullied draught. But is there aught  
In the inebriate cup, to be compar'd  
To the attractive object of my love,  
The Buckwheat Cake? Let those who list, still  
quaff

The madd'ning juice, and, in their height of  
bliss,

Believe that such she of the laughing eye  
And lip of rose, celestial Hebe, deals  
Among the Gods; but O, ye powers divine!  
If e'er ye listen to a mortal's prayer,  
Still give me my ambrosia. This confers  
No "pains arthritic," racking every joint,  
But leaves the body healthful, and the mind  
Serene and imperturb'd.—A nicer art  
Than all, remains yet to be taught; but dare  
I venture on the theme? Ye Momus tribes,  
Who laugh even wisdom into scorn—and ye,  
Authoritative dames, who wave on high



Your sceptre-spit, away!  
and let the nymph  
Whose smiles betoken  
pleasure in the task,  
(If task it be,) bring  
forth the polish'd jar;

Or, wanting such, one of an humbler sort,  
Earthen, but smooth within; although nor gold,  
Nor silver vase, like those once used, in times  
Remote, by the meek children of the Sun,  
(Ere tyrant Spain had steep'd their land in gore,)  
Were of too costly fabric. But, at once,  
Obedient to the precepts of the muse,

Pour in the tepid stream, warm but not hot,  
And pure as water from Castalian spring.  
Yet interdicts she not the balmy tide  
Which flows from the full udder, if preferr'd;  
This, in the baking, o'er the luscious cake,  
Diffuses a warm golden hue—but that  
Frugality commends and taste approves;  
Though if the quantity of milk infus'd  
Be not redundant, none can take offence.  
Let salt the liquid mass impregnate next,  
And then into the deep, capacious urn,  
Adroitly sift the inestimable dust,  
Stirring meanwhile, with paddle firmly held,  
The thickening fluid. Sage discretion here  
Can best determine the consistence fit,  
Nor thin, nor yet too thick. Last, add the barm—  
The living spirit which throughout the whole  
Shall quickly circulate, and airy, light,  
Bear upward by degrees the body dull.

Be prudent now, nor let the appetite  
Too keen, urge forward the last act of all.  
Time, it is true, may move with languid wing,  
And the impatient soul demand the cake  
Delicious; yet would I advise to bear  
A transient ill, and wait the award of Fate.  
The sluggish mass must be indulg'd, till, wak'd  
By the ethereal spirit, it shall mount  
From its dark cell, and court the upper air;  
For, bak'd too soon, the cake, compact and hard,  
To the dissolving butter entrance free  
Denies, while disappointment and disgust  
Prey on the heart. Much less do thou neglect  
The auspicious moment! Thee, nor business  
then

Most urgent claim, nor love the while engross:  
For, ever to the skies aspiring still,  
The fluid vivified anon ascends,  
Disdains all bound, and o'er the vase's side  
Flows awful! till, too late admonish'd, thou  
The miserable waste shall frantic see,  
And in the acid draff within, perceive  
Thy hopes all frustrate. Thus Vesuvius, in  
Some angry hour, 'mid flames and blackening  
smoke,

From his infuriate crater pours profuse  
The fiery lava—deluging the plains,  
And burying in its course cities, and towns,  
And fairest works of art! But, to arrest  
Catastrophe so dire, the griddle smooth,—  
Like steely buckler of the heroic age,  
Elliptical, or round—and for not less  
Illustrious use designed—made ready quick.  
Rubb'd o'er the surface hot, a little sand  
Will not be useless; this each particle  
Adhesive of the previous batch removes,  
And renders easy the important work,  
To gracefully reverse the half-bak'd cake.  
With like intent the porker's salted rind,  
Mov'd to and fro, must lubricate the whole:  
And this perform'd, let the white batter stream  
Upon the disk opaque, till silver'd o'er  
Like Cynthia's it enchants the thoughtful soul.  
Impatient of restraint, the liquid spreads,  
And, as it spreads, a thousand globules rise,  
Glistening, but like the bubble joy, soon burst,  
And disappear. Ah! seize the occasion fair,  
Nor hesitate too long the cake to turn;  
Which, of a truth, unsightly else must look,  
And to the experienc'd nicer palate, prove



The liquid amber which,  
untir'd, the bee  
From many a bloom distils  
for thankless man  
For man, who, when her  
services are o'er,  
The little glad purveyor of  
his board  
Remorseless kills. But to  
the glorious feast!  
Ye Gods! from your Olym-  
pian heights descend,

Distasteful. See! 'tis done: and now, O now  
The precious treat! spongy, and soft, and brown;  
Exhaling, as it comes, a vapor bland;  
While, all emboss'd with flowers (to be dissolv'd,  
Anon, as with the breath of the warm South,)  
Upon the alluring board the butter gleams—  
Not rancid, fit for appetite alone  
Of coarsest gust, but delicate and pure,  
▲ and golden like the morn. Yet one thing more;—

And share with me what ye, yourselves, shall cwn  
Far dearer than ambrosia. That, indeed,  
May haply give a zest to social mirth,  
And, with the alternate cup, exhilarate  
The sons of heaven; but my nepenthe rare,  
Not only cheers the heart, but from the breast  
Care, grief, and every nameless ill dispels—  
Yielding a foretaste of immortal joy!

### THE QUILTING.

BY ANNE BACHE. 1823.

THE day is set, the ladies met,  
And at the frame are seated;  
In order plac'd, they work in haste,  
To get the quilt completed.  
While fingers fly, their tongues they ply,  
And animate their labors,  
By counting beaux, discussing clothes,  
Or talking of their neighbors.

"Dear, what a pretty frock you've on—"  
"I'm very glad you like it."  
"I'm told that Miss Micomicon  
Don't speak to Mr. Micat."  
"I saw Miss Bell the other day,  
Young Green's new gig adorning:—"  
"What keeps your sister Ann away?"  
"She went to town this morning."

"'Tis time to roll"—"my needle's broke"—  
"So Martin's stock is selling;—"  
"Louisa's wedding-gown's bespoke—"  
"Lend me your scissors, Ellen."

"That match will never come about—"  
"Now don't fly in a passion;—"  
"Hair-puffs, they say, are going out—"  
"Yes, curls are all in fashion."

The quilt is done, the tea begun—  
The beaux are all collecting;  
The table's cleared, the music heard,—  
His partner each selecting.  
The merry band in order stand,  
The dance begins with vigor;  
And rapid feet the measure beat,  
And trip the mazy figure.

Unheeded fly the moments by,  
Old Time himself seems dancing,  
Till night's dull eye is op'd to spy  
The steps of morn advancing.  
Then closely stow'd, to each abode,  
The carriages go tilting;  
And many a dream has for its theme,  
The pleasures of the Quilting.

## A MONODY

Made on the late Mr. Samuel Patch, by an Admirer of the Bathos.

BY ROBERT C. SANDS. 1830.

By water shall he die, and take his end.—SHAKSPEARE.

TOLL for Sam Patch! Sam Patch, who jumps no more,  
This or the world to come. Sam Patch is dead!  
The vulgar pathway to the unknown shore  
Of dark futurity, he would not tread.  
No friends stood sorrowing round his dying bed;  
Nor with decorous woe, sedately stepp'd  
Behind his corpse, and tears by retail shed;—  
The mighty river, as it onward swept,  
In one great wholesale sob, his body drowned and kept.

Toll for Sam Patch! he scorned the common way  
That leads to fame, up heights of rough ascent,  
And having heard Pope and Longinus say,  
That some great men had risen by falls, he went  
And jumped, where wild Passaic's waves had rent  
The antique rocks;—the air free passage gave,—  
And graciously the liquid element  
Upbore him, like some sea-god on its wave;  
And all the people said that Sam was very brave.

Fame, the clear spirit that doth to heaven upraise,  
Led Sam to dive into what Byron calls  
The hell of waters. For the sake of praise,  
He wooed the bathos down great water-falls;  
The dizzy precipice, which the eye appals  
Of travellers for pleasure, Samuel found  
Pleasant, as are to women lighted halls,  
Crammed full of fools and fiddles; to the sound  
Of the eternal roar, he timed his desperate bound.

Sam was a fool. But the large world of such,  
Has thousands—better taught, alike absurd,  
And less sublime. Of fame he soon got much,  
Where distant cataracts spout, of him men heard.  
Alas for Sam! Had he aright preferred  
The kindly element, to which he gave  
Himself so fearlessly, we had not heard  
That it was now his winding-sheet and grave,  
Nor sung, 'twixt tears and smiles, our requiem for  
the brave.

He soon got drunk, with rum and with renown,  
As many others in high places do;—  
Whose fall is like Sam's last—for down and down,  
By one mad impulse driven, they flounder through  
The gulf that keeps the future from our view,  
And then are found not. May they rest in peace!  
We heave the sigh to human frailty due—  
And shall not Sam have his? The muse shall cease  
To keep the heroic roll, which she began in Greece—

With demigods, who went to the Black Sea  
For wool (and if the best accounts be straight,  
Came back, in negro phraseology,  
With the same wool each upon his pate),  
In which she chronicled the deathless fate  
Of him who jumped into the perilous ditch  
Left by Rome's street commissioners, in a state  
Which made it dangerous, and by jumping which  
He made himself renowned, and the contractors  
rich—

I say, the muse shall quite forget to sound  
The chord whose music is undying, if  
She do not strike it when Sam Patch is drowned.  
Leander dived for love. Leucadia's cliff  
The Lesbian Sappho leapt from in a miff,  
To punish Phaon; Icarus went dead,  
Because the wax did not continue stiff;  
And, had he minded what his father said,  
He had not given a name unto his watery bed.



And Helle's case was all an accident  
As every body knows. Why sing of these?  
Nor would I rank with Sam that man who went  
Down into Ætna's womb—Empedocles,  
I think he called himself. Themselves to please,  
Or else unwillingly, they made their springs;  
For glory in the abstract, Sam made his,  
To prove to all men, commons, lords, and kings,  
That "some things may be done, as well as other  
things."

I will not be fatigued, by citing more  
Who jump'd of old, by hazard or design,  
Nor plague the weary ghosts of boyish lore,  
Vulcan, Apollo, Phaeton—in fine  
All Tooke's Pantheon. Yet they grew divine  
By their long tumbles; and if we can match  
Their hierarchy, shall we not entwine  
One wreath? Who ever came "up to the scratch,"  
And for so little, jumped so bravely as Sam  
Patch?

To long conclusions many men have jumped  
In logic, and the safer course they took ;  
By any other, they would have been stumped,  
Unable to argue, or to quote a book,  
And quite dumb-founded, which they cannot  
brook ;

They break no bones, and suffer no contusion,  
Hiding their woful fall, by hook and crook,  
In slang and gibberish, sputtering and confusion ;  
But that was not the way Sam came to his conclusion.

He jumped in person. Death or Victory  
Was his device, "and there was no mistake,"  
Except his last ; and then he did but die,  
A blunder which the wisest men will make.  
Aloft, where mighty floods the mountains break,  
To stand, the target of ten thousand eyes,  
And down into the coil and water-quake,  
To leap, like Maia's offspring, from the skies—  
For this all vulgar flights he ventured to despise.

And while Niagara prolongs its thunder,  
Though still the rock primeval disappears,  
And nations change their bounds—the theme of  
wonder

Shall Sam go down the cataract of long years ;  
And if there be sublimity in tears,  
Those shall be precious which the adventurer shed  
When his frail star gave way, and waked his fears,  
Lest, by the ungenerous crowd it might be said,  
That he was all a loafer, or that his pluck had fled.

Who would compare the maudlin Alexander,  
Blubbing, because he had no job in hand,  
Acting the hypocrite, or else the gander,  
With Sam, whose grief we all can understand ?  
His crying was not womanish, nor plann'd  
For exhibition ; but his heart o'erswelled  
With its own agony, when he the grand  
Natural arrangements for a jump beheld,  
And measuring the cascade, found not his courage  
quelled.

His last great failure set the final seal  
Unto the record Time shall never tear,  
While bravery has its honor,—while men feel  
The holy natural sympathies which are  
First, last, and mightiest in the bosom. Where  
The tortured tides of Genesee descend,  
He came—his only intimate a bear,—  
(We know not that he had another friend),  
The martyr of renown, his wayward course to end.

The fiend that from the infernal rivers stole  
Hell-draughts for man, too much tormented him,  
With nerves unstrung, but steadfast in his soul,  
He stood upon the salient current's brim ;  
His head was giddy, and his sight was dim ;  
And then he knew this leap would be his last,—  
Saw air, and earth, and water, wildly swim,  
With eyes of many multitudes, dense and vast,  
That stared in mockery ; none a look of kindness  
cast.

Beat down, in the huge amphitheatre,  
"I see before me the gladiator lie,"  
And tier on tier, the myriads waiting there  
The bow of grace, without one pitying eye—  
He was a slave—a captive hired to die ;—  
Sam was born free as Cæsar ; and he might  
The hopeless issue have refused to try ;  
No ! with true leap, but soon with faltering flight,—  
"Deep in the roaring gulf, he plunged to endless  
night."

But, ere he leapt, he begged of those who made  
Money by his dread venture, that if he  
Should perish, such collection should be paid  
As might be picked up from the "company"  
To his Mother. This, his last request, shall be,—  
Tho' she who bore him ne'er his fate should know,—  
An iris, glittering o'er his memory—  
When all the streams have worn their barriers low,  
And, by the sea drunk up, for ever cease to flow.

On him who chooses to jump down cataracts,  
Why should the sternest moralist be severe ?  
Judge not the dead by prejudice—but facts,  
Such as in strictest evidence appear.  
Else were the laurels of all ages sere.  
Give to the brave, who have pass'd the final goal,—  
The gates that open not back,—the generous tear ;  
And let the muse's clerk upon her scroll,  
In coarse, but honest verse, make up the judgment  
roll.

Therefore it is considered, that Sam Patch  
Shall never be forgot in prose or rhyme ;  
His name shall be a portion in the batch  
Of the heroic dough, which baking Time  
Kneads for consuming ages—and the chime  
Of Fame's old bells, long as they truly ring,  
Shall tell of him ; he dived for the sublime,  
And found it. Thou, who, with the eagle's wing,  
Being a goose, wouldst fly,—dream not of such a  
thing !

## THE CLUB OF THE HUMBUGS.

FROM "RETROSPECTIONS OF THE STAGE," BY JOHN BERNARD. 1830.

I know not in what particular place or on what  
occasion I was honored with an introduction to  
Lord Barrymore, but we were thrown together in  
various convivial societies ; and his Lordship was  
pleased to express so much satisfaction in my com-  
pany, that I became a frequent guest at his table.

His Lordship was the most eminent compound  
of contrarieties, the most singular mixture of genius  
and folly,—of personal endowment and moral ob-  
liquity, which it has been my lot in life to encounter.  
Alternating between the gentleman and the black-  
guard,—the refined wit, and the most vulgar bully,

he was equally well known in St. Giles and St.  
James's, and well merited the appellation he re-  
ceived in noble quarters, of the "Modern Duke of  
Buckingham," who was "every thing by turns, and  
nothing long."

His Lordship could fence, dance, drive or drink,  
box or bet, with any man in the kingdom. He  
could discourse slang as trippingly as French ; relish  
porter after port ; and compliment her ladyship at  
a ball with as much ease and brilliance, as he could  
bespatter "a blood" in a cider cellar. Had he  
lived some centuries previous, there is no doubt he



would have been a prime favorite with Prince Hal, and the "maddest wag" of Sir John Falstaff's acquaintance.

To keep around him a choice collection of convivial and eccentric spirits, his Lordship instituted the "Blue-Bottle Club," or, as it was more commonly termed, "The Humbugs," which numbered Hanger, Morris, Arabin, Taylor, Carey, Hewardine, and many others, and was held at a tavern under the Piazzas.

The name of "Humbugs" was given it on account of the manner in which every new member was initiated. The system was to introduce two candidates at a time, and to set them quarrelling as soon as they were seated. It did not signify in how trivial a point the difference originated: the members, expert in roguery, would, by taking opposite sides, aggravate the matter till it assumed the aspect of insult; and the disputants were urged from arguments to proceed to epithets, and from epithets to blows; when the noble supervisor of this farce interfered, took the strangers by the hand, and told them "they were both humbugged," and had become members.

My reader can infer the spirit of a Club possessing this for one of its regulations. The most whimsical effects I ever witnessed were produced by Charles Incledon's introduction, who had the honor of being proposed alone.

Barrymore was extremely pleased with Incledon's conversation as well as singing, and had long wanted to enroll him among the members. The "Son of Song" expected therefore an unusual degree of attention when he came. He was then extremely popular in the ballad of "Black-eyed Susan," for which the first call was unanimous; but he had not finished the first line, before a member exclaimed, "Oh! Charles, Charles! come, it's too bad to fool us in this way!" Incledon stared, and asked what his friend meant. The person beside him joined in the inquiry: others however interposed, and begged Incledon to proceed:—

All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd—

"Incledon, Incledon," cried a dozen voices, "recollect, you are singing to gentlemen, not the Covent Garden gallery."

Incledon looked round in the utmost bewilderment: the manner of the members was so judicious that he could not suspect the motive; they were all good comedians at table—not a face betrayed a double meaning; whilst a roar of voices round him whelmed those of the malcontents.—"It's a d——d shame—Ungentlemanly interruption—Order, order!" etc. etc. At their request, Incledon was persuaded to proceed again.

All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd—

"Stuff, stuff—(hiss)—Incledon, Incledon, you're drunk!"—"Who says I'm drunk?" shouted Incledon. Twenty voices espoused his cause, and twenty swelled the chorus of reprehension; whilst the cries of "Order, order!" tended only to increase the confusion. "I'll give any man twenty pounds," said Incledon, "who'll say I'm drunk, or give me the lie."—"You're drunk—you lie." In another instant Incledon had quitted his seat, stripped his coat, and was offering to fight any man in the room for the value of his Benefit. Lord Barrymore had now his cue to interfere,—and sufficient cause, for Incledon

was wrought up to the fury of a foaming bull, and nothing under broken bones and bloody noses appeared likely to satisfy him.



The instant, however, that his Lordship said "he was humbugged," the Club, which before presented a state of universal irritation, burst into a roar of deafening laughter; the rule was then explained at large, and every member came up to shake hands with him.

"Why, Incledon," said Barrymore, "didn't you know we were called the Humbugs?"—"Humbugs," he replied, with a returning smile—"yes, (using his favorite substitute for sanguinary) — Humbugs."

This amicable result, however, did not always ensue. Major Hanger one evening brought two friends to be "humbugged," who were both natives of the "Sister Isle." The members succeeded in setting them at variance, as usual; but the Hibernians, having been drinking pretty freely before they came, were in that critical condition when a slight thing will put a man in the best humor in the world,—or the worst. The convivial feeling being therefore changed to the pugnatory—when the members explained that they had been humbugged all this while; their indignation was excited in a ten-fold degree towards the Club for the liberty it had taken. Vengeance was denounced on the whole assembly, and a riot *à la Donnybrook* commenced, which involved every thing animated and tangible in the room. Tables were upset, bottles flew about in every direction, and "such method" had the strangers in their madness, that in less than five minutes the apartment was completely cleared. On the servants running up, they found Lord Barrymore and one of the Hibernians stripped to their shirts, to dispute their respective prowess,—the floor covered with a mass of plates, fruits, and glasses, and Dicky Suett in one corner of the room entrenched under a table, ejaculating his everlasting Oh, la!

## ODE TO MY CIGAR.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE. 1830.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned doctors' spite;  
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,  
And lap me in delight.

What though they tell, with phizzes long,  
My years are sooner passed?  
I would reply, with reason strong,  
"They're sweeter while they last."

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art  
A monitor, though still;  
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart  
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives  
To goodness every day,  
The odor of whose virtues lives  
When he has passed away.

When in the lonely evening hour,  
Attended but by thee,  
O'er history's varied page I pore,  
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,  
Then breaks and falls away,

I trace how mighty realms thus rose,  
Thus tumbled to decay.

Awhile like thee earth's masters burn,  
And smoke and fume around,  
And then like thee to ashes turn,  
And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,  
And Time's the wasting breath,  
That late or early, we behold,  
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,  
One common doom is passed;  
Sweet nature's works, the swelling globe,  
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now?  
A little moving heap;  
That soon like thee to fate must bow  
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,  
Thy essence rolls on high;  
Thus, when my body must lie low,  
My soul shall cleave the sky.

## CHILDREN—WHAT ARE THEY?

BY JOHN NEAL. 1831.

WHAT *are children?* Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose, and here, just within reach of our observation, are two or three noisy little fellows, and there another party mustering for play. Some are whispering together, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly as to attract every body's attention, while others are holding themselves aloof, with their satchels gaping so as to betray a part of their plans for to-morrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs for a trip to the islands. Look at them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it as it deserves to be answered: *What are children?*

To which you reply at once, without any sort of hesitation, perhaps,—“Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;” or, “Men are but children of a larger growth,” or, peradventure, “The child is father of the man.” And then perhaps you leave me, perfectly satisfied with yourself and with your answer, having “plucked out the heart of the mystery,” and uttered without knowing it a string of glorious truths. \* \* \*

Among the children who are now playing *together*, like birds among the blossoms of earth, haunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air, happy and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy, and with hearts playing upon their little faces like sunshine upon clear waters. Among those who are now idling together on that slope, or pursuing but-

terflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses, you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the long-lived and the long-to-be-lamented of another age; but the wicked and the treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber, the burglar, the ravisher, the murderer, and the betrayer of his country. *The child is father of the man.*

Among them and that other little troop just appearing, children with yet happier faces and pleasanter eyes, the blossoms of the future—the mothers of nations—you would see the founders of states and the destroyers of their country, the steadfast and the weak, the judge and the criminal, the murderer and the executioner, the exalted and the lowly, the unfaithful wife and the broken-hearted husband, the proud betrayer and his pale victim, the living and breathing portents and prodigies, the embodied virtues and vices of another age and of another world, *and all playing together!* Men are but children of a larger growth.

Pursuing the search, you would go forth among the little creatures as among the types of another and a loftier language, the mystery whereof had been just revealed to you, a language to become universal hereafter, types in which the autobiography of the Future was written ages and ages ago. Among the innocent and helpless creatures that are called *children*, you would see warriors with their

garments rolled in blood, the spectres of kings and princes, poets with golden harps and illuminated eyes, historians and painters, architects and sculptors, mechanics and merchants, preachers and lawyers; here a grave-digger flying a kite with his future customers; there a physician playing at marbles with his; here the predestined to an early and violent death for cowardice, fighting the battles of a whole neighborhood; there a Cromwell, or a Caesar, a Napoleon, or a Washington, hiding themselves for fear, enduring reproach or insult with patience; a Benjamin Franklin, higgling for nuts or gingerbread, or the "old Parr" of another generation, sitting apart in the sunshine and shivering at every breath of wind that reaches him. Yet we are told that "just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." \* \* \*

Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets, they are only the flowers and blossoms, the dew-drops or the playthings of earth. Yet "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The Kingdom of Heaven! with all its principalities and powers, its hierarchies, dominations, thrones! The Saviour understood them better; to him their true dignity was revealed. Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world; indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, with each a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it! Blossoms! They are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dew-drops! They are dew-drops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind, or the next flash of sunshine may dry up for ever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings! God! If the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment! We should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with consternation, or fling them off with horror and loathing.

What would be our feelings to see a fair child start up before us a maniac or a murderer, armed to the teeth? to find a nest of serpents on our pillow? a destroyer, or a traitor, a Harry the Eighth, or a Benedict Arnold, asleep in our bosom? A Catharine or a Peter, a Bacon, a Galileo, or a Bentham, a Napoleon, or a Voltaire, clambering up our knees after sugar-plums! Cuvier laboring to distinguish a horse-fly from a blue-bottle, or dissecting a spider with a rusty nail? La Place trying to multiply his own apples, or to subtract his playfellow's gingerbread? What should we say to find ourselves romping with Messalina, Swedenborg, and Madame de Staël? or playing bo-peep with Murat, Robespierre, and Charlotte Corday? or "puss in the corner" with George Washington, Jonathan Wild, Shakspeare, Sappho, Jeremy Taylor, Alfieri, and Harriet Wilson? Yet stranger things have happened. These were all children but the other day, and clambered about the knees, and rummaged in the pockets, and nestled in the laps of people no better than we are. But if they could have appeared in their true shape for a single moment, while they were playing together! What a scrambling there would have been among the grown folks! How their fingers would have tingled!

Now to me, there is no study half so delightful

as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky, in their first and fairest, and most unintentional disclosures, while they are indeed a mystery—a fragrant, luminous, and beautiful mystery. And I have an idea that if we only had a name for the study, it might be found as attractive and as popular; and perhaps—though I would not go too far—*perhaps* about as advantageous in the long run to the future fathers and mothers of mankind, as the study of shrubs and flowers, or that of birds and fishes. And why not? They are the cryptogamia of another world, the infusoria of the skies.

Then why not pursue the study for yourself? The subjects are always before you. No books are needed, no costly drawings, no lectures, neither transparencies nor illustrations. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for, along the edge of a precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the sea-shore. They abound not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field, and every crowded thoroughfare. They flourish bravely in snow-storms, in the dust of the trampled highway, where drums are beating and colors flying, in the roar of cities. They love the sounding sea-breeze and the open air, and may always be found about the wharves and rejoicing before the windows of toy-shops. They love the blaze of fire-works and the smell of gunpowder, and where that is they are, to a dead certainty.

You have but to go abroad for half an hour in pleasant weather, or to throw open your doors or windows on a Saturday afternoon, if you live anywhere in the neighborhood of a school-house, or a vacant lot, with here and there a patch of green or a dry place in it; and steal behind the curtains, or draw the blinds and let the fresh wind blow through and through the chambers of your heart for a few minutes, winnowing the dust and scattering the cobwebs that have gathered there while you were asleep, and lo! you will find it ringing with the voices of children at play, and all alive with the glimmering phantasmagoria of leap-frog, prison-base, or knock-up-and-catch.

Let us try the experiment. There! I have opened the windows, I have drawn the blinds, and hark! already there is the sound of little voices afar off, like "sweet bells jangling." Nearer and nearer come they, and now we catch a glimpse of bright faces peeping round the corners, and there, by that empty enclosure, a general mustering and swarming, as of bees about a newly-discovered flower-garden. But the voices we now hear proceed from two little fellows who have withdrawn from the rest. One carries a large basket, and his eyes are directed to my window; he doesn't half like the blinds being drawn. The other follows him with a tattered book under his arm, rapping the posts, one after the other, as he goes along. He is clearly on bad terms with himself. And now we can see their faces. Both are grave, and one rather pale, and trying to look ferocious. And hark! now we are able to distinguish their words. "Well, I ain't skeered o' you," says the foremost and the larger boy. "Nor I ain't skeered o' you," retorts the other; "but you needn't say you meant to lick me." And so I thought. Another, less acquainted with children, might not be able to see the connec-



tion; but I could—it was worthy of Aristotle himself or John Locke. “I *didn't* say I meant to lick ye,” rejoined the first; “I said I *could* lick ye, and so I can.” To which the other replies, glancing first at my window and then all up and down street, “I should like to see you try it.” Whereupon the larger boy begins to move away, half-backwards, half-sideways, muttering just loud enough to be heard, “Ah, you want to fight now, jest 'cause you're close by your own house.” And here the dialogue finished, and the babies moved on, shaking their little heads at each other, and muttering all the way up street. Men are but children of a larger growth! Children but empires in miniature. \* \* \*

“Ah, ah, hurra! hurra! here's a fellow's birthday!” cried a boy in my hearing once. A number had got together to play ball, but one of

them having found a birthday, and not only the birthday, but the very boy to whom it belonged, they all gathered about him, as if they had never witnessed a conjunction of the sort before. The very fellows for a committee of inquiry!—into the affairs of a national bank, if you please.

Never shall I forget another incident which occurred in my presence, between two other boys. One was trying to jump over a wheelbarrow. Another was going by; he stopped, and after considering a moment, spoke. “I'll tell you what you can't do,” said he. “Well, what is it?” “You can't jump down your own throat.” “Well, you can't.” “*Can't I though!*” The simplicity of “Well, you can't,” and the roguishness of “*Can't I though!*” tickled me prodigiously. They reminded me of a sparring I had seen elsewhere—I should not like to say where—having a great respect for the temples of justice and the halls of legislation. \* \* \*

I saw three children throwing sticks at a cow. She grew tired of her share in the game at last, and holding down her head and shaking it, demanded a new deal. They cut and run. After getting to a place of comparative security, they stopped, and holding by the top of a board fence, began to reconnoitre. Meanwhile, another troop of children hove in sight, and arming themselves with brickbats, began to approach the same cow. Whereupon, two of the others called out from the fence, “You, Joe! you'd better mind! that's our cow!” The plea was admitted without a demurrer; and the cow was left to be tormented by the legal owners. Hadn't these boys the law on their side? \* \* \*

But children have other characters. At times they are creatures to be afraid of. Every case I give, is a fact within my own observation. There are children, and I have had to do with them, whose very eyes were terrible; children, who, after years of watchful and anxious discipline, were as indomitable as the young of the wild beast, dropped in the wilderness, crafty and treacherous and cruel. And others I have known who, if they live, *must* have dominion over the multitude, being evidently of them that, from the foundations of the world, have been always thundering at the gates of power.

## THE YANKEE PEDDLER.

FROM “THE DOWN-EASTER.” BY JOHN NEAL. 1831.

ONE of the boxes had pitched over upon a black fellow below, who cleared himself with a spring and a howl, and began leaping about the deck with his foot in his hand, his enormous mouth as wide open as it would stretch, and the tears running down his cheeks—

“There now!” and away bounced the Yankee to his relief; catching him up in his arms as if he had been a child, scolding him heartily all the time; and laying him out over the bales of goods, without appearing to see the strange faces that gathered about him, or to care a fig for their profound astonishment, he began pulling and hauling the leg about, now this way, now that, and wrenching the foot first one way and then another, as if he would twist it off, while the sufferer lay grinding his teeth, and uttering an occasional boo-hoo!—boo-hoo!

“Boo-hoo!—boo-hoo!”—cried the Yankee, who

had now satisfied himself as to the state of the case. “What's the use o' boo-hoo, I tell ye! \* \* \* what are ye afeard on? Got the stuff'll cure ye, if ye'd jammed your leg off—take the bruise right out by the roots—look here!” whipping out a large box, with a lead-color'd pigment, blue pill or opodeldoc perhaps, or perhaps the scrapings of a carriage-wheel. “That's the stuff for corns, I tell ye! capital, too, for razor-straps!” addressing himself now to one, and now to another of the bystanders, and either by accident or design, so as to hit rather hard here and there, and raise a good-natured laugh at the expense of a little somebody with pinched feet, and a cross-looking old woman with a beard. “Clear grit as ever you see! gut sech a thing as a jackknife about ye, marm?”—to the latter, who stood stooping over the box with a most inquisitive air, eyeing him through her golden-bowed spectacles,



and occasionally touching the contents of the box, and then smelling her fingers in a way that he didn't appear to relish—with a red-haired girl in very tight shoes on one arm, and a sleepy-looking coxcomb with mustachios, on the other—"clear grit, I tell ye!—take a notch out of a broad-axe!—whoa! (to the nigger,) who-a! there, there!—best furnitoor-polish ever you come across, marm. There, there, stiddy—stiddy! don't kick!"—plastering the foot all over with his furniture polish, and wrapping it up with a bandage of loose oakum—"ah, hah! begin to feel nicely already, don't it, mister?"

"O, reassa, massa," groaned the poor negro; "him peel berry moodch nicealy; tankee massa—berry much—boo-hoo!—gorrigh!"

"Told ye so! slickest stuff ever you see, aint it, mister?" smatching up a rag of tarred canvas and a bunch of spunyarn, that somebody held near—"good for the lock-jaw—tried it on myself; nobody talks faster an' I do now, do they, marm? fuss-chop too, for yellor-fever, and moths, and lip-salve, and bedbugs—try a leetle on't mister (to the youth in mustachios) or maybe you'd like a box of yer own—some call it a new sort o' tooth-paste with more varter in't than nineteen sea-hosses; only a quarter dollar a box at retail, or two dollars a dozen boxes in all, and take your pay in 'most any thing, marm (to the red-haired girl); boxes worth half the money, and more too, marm—take 'em back at double price, if you aint satisfied, if I ever come across you agin—sell ye the privilege right out for any o' the States,

so't your son there could makē his fortin' by sellin' it for bear's greese; don't kick, I tell 'ye! (to the nigger)—sartin cure for the itch—help yourself, mister—why, if you'll believe me, but I know you wunt,—I've seen it cure a whole neighborhood so privately, they didn't know it themselves—chin-cough—striped fever and back-bitin' to boot, only by rubbin' it over the minister's wig—mortal fine stuff for the hair!—turns it all manner o' colors—there (letting the limb go, and lifting the poor man up, with a bandage on it about as big as a moderate-sized pillow)—see there! enough's enough, I tell ye—boo-hoo—boo-ho! If yer don't stop your blartin' and boo-hooin, you'll take cold inside, and that'll take all the varter out o' the greese—and then arter that's done, I defy yer to stop—I call it greese; but it's no more greese than you air (to a very fat man who had been laughing at all the others in succession—it was their turn now), an' what's more (to the nigger) your foot 'll turn all the colors of a peacock's tail." \* \* \*

Here the poor negro began to hobble off, saying, as he moved away—"Tanka, massa, tanka berry mush."

"I say, tho', mister," cried the Yankee, calling after him, "might ask what's to pay; or buy a box o' the hair-powder—that's the least you can do."

"Why, lor a bressa, massa; massa, so good, he neber tink o' takin' notin' o' poor nigger, hey?"

"Try me."

### ANNE; OR, THE GRACES.

From "The American Museum."

INSTRUCTED to hold up her head,  
With *grace* to sing, with *grace* to tread—  
With *grace* to talk on love affairs—  
With *grace* at church to say her prayers—  
With *grace* her parents to confute—  
With *grace* on morals to dispute—  
At last fell Anne (such oft the case is)  
A sacrifice to all the *Graces*.

### TO A BAD FIDDLER.

From "The American Museum."

MAY ye never play in tune,  
In the morning, night, or noon;  
May ye ne'er at noon or night,  
Know the wrong end from the right;  
May the strings be ever breaking,  
Pegs, I charge ye, ne'er unscrew;  
May your head be always aching,  
Till your fiddle's broke in two."

## THE FROG CATCHER.

BY HENRY J. FINN. 1831.

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!"—MACBETH.

If you want to catch a *ginu-wine* Yankee, you must take a trip up to the State of Vermont. There they shoot up like weeds, generally ranging from six to seven feet in stature. The bait at which they snap is a "great bargain," and a tinman's cart is the only show-box in which they are willing to be exhibited. Mathews, who took his Yankee from Kentucky, made as great a bull as the old Frenchman, that hired an Irish servant to teach him the English pronunciation.

Once upon a time, there lived in a town in Vermont, a little whipper-snapper of a fellow, named Timothy Drew. Timmy was not more than five feet one, in his thick-soled boots. When standing by the side of his tall neighbors, he appeared like a dwarf, among giants. Tall people are too apt to look down on those of less dimensions. Thus did the long-legged Yankees hector poor Timmy for not being a greater man. But what our hero wanted in bulk, he made up in spirit. This is generally the case with small men. As for Timmy, he was "all pluck and gristle!" No steel trap was smarter!

How such a little one grew on the Green Mountains, was always a mystery. Whether he was actually raised there, is indeed uncertain. Some say he was of Canadian descent, and was brought to the States by a Vermont peddler, who took him in barter for wooden cucumber seeds. But Timmy was above following the cart. He disliked trade, as too precarious a calling, and preferred a mechanic art. Though small, Timmy always knew which side of his bread had butter on it. Let it not be supposed that Timothy Drew always put up with coarse gibes at his size. On necessary occasions he was "chock full of fight." To be sure, he could not strike higher than the abdomen of his associates; but his blows were so rapid that he beat out the daylight of a ten-footer before one could say "Jack Robinson." A threat from Timmy was enough. How many belligerents have been quelled by this expressive admonition:—"If you say that 'ere again, I'll knock you into the middle of next week!" This occurred in Timmy's younger days. Age cooled his transports, and taught him to endure. He thought it beneath the dignity of an old man to quarrel with idle striplings.

Timmy Drew was a natural shoemaker. No man could hammer out a piece of sole-leather with such expedition. He used his knee for a lap-stone, and by dint of thumping, it became as hard and stiff as an iron hinge. Timmy's shop was situated near the foot of a pleasant valley on the edge of a pond, above which thousands of water lilies lifted their snowy heads. In the spring, it was a fashionable watering-place for bull-frogs, who gathered there from all parts, to spend the warm season. Many of these were of extraordinary size, and they drew near his shop, raised their heads, and swelled out their throats like bladders, until the welkin rung with their music. Timmy, engaged at his work, beat time for them with his hammer, and the hours passed away as pleasantly as the day is long.

Timmy Drew was not one of those shoemakers that eternally stick to their bench like a ball of

wax. It was always his rule to carry his work to the dwellings of his customers, to make sure of the fit. On his way home, he usually stopped at the tavern to inquire the news, and take a drop of something to drink. Here it was that the wags fastened upon him with their jokes, and often made him feel as uncomfortable as a short-tailed horse in fly-time. Still Timmy loved to sit in the bar, and talk with the company, which generally consisted of jolly peddlers, recruiting from the fatigues of the last cruise. With such society much was to be learned, and Timmy listened with intense curiosity to their long-spun tales of the wonderful and wild. There is no person that can describe an incredible fact with greater plausibility than a Yankee peddler. His difficult profession teaches him to preserve an iron gravity in expatiating on his wares, which in few cases can be said to recommend themselves. Thus, narratives, sufficient to embarrass the speech of any other relater, carry with them conviction, when soberly received from such a respectable source.

These peddlers took great delight in imposing on the credulity of Timmy Drew. Some of the stories stuffed into his ears were astonishing. One man had been to the South, and gave a marvellous account of the alligators. He had seen one scampering into the water with a full grown negro in his mouth. Another told a story of a great Canadian Giant that weighed 1250 lbs. in his stockings. Another had seen in Boston the Living Skeleton, with ribs as bare as a gridiron. A fourth had been to New York, and described the great Anaconda, which made nothing of mouthing a live goat for its breakfast. A fifth enlarged on the size of the Shark, "which swallowed Mr. Joseph Blaney, as exhibited by his son." The wonderful leaps of Sam Patch lost nothing in their recital here; and the mysterious Sea Serpent, not more than one hundred yards long in Boston, was drawn out to double that length in being trailed up to Vermont behind a tinman's cart. One peddler told what great smokers the people were in the city of New Orleans. Said he, "The very mosquitoes flit about the streets in the night with cigars in their mouths!" "Yes," replied another, "and *what* mosquitoes they *are*! By the living hoky! I have seen them flying around as big as a goose, with a brick-bat under their wings, to sharpen their stings on!"

It would be impossible to repeat all the jokes played off on the poor shoemaker. The standing jest, however, was on his diminutive stature, which never was more conspicuous than in their company, for most of them were as tall as bean poles. On this subject, Timmy once gave them a memorable retort. Half a dozen of the party were sitting by the fire, when our hero entered the room. He sat down, but they affected to overlook him. This goaded Timmy, and he preserved a moody silence. Presently one of them spoke.

"I wonder what has become of little Timmy Drew? I haven't seen that are fellow for a week. By gosh! the frogs must have chawed him up?"

"If he was sitting here before your eyes, you



wouldn't see him." said another, "he's so darnation small."

Timmy began to grow uneasy.

"I snaggers," said another, "no more you wouldn't; for he isn't knee high to a toad. I called t'other day at his shop to get my new boots; but I couldn't see nobody in the place. Then I heard something scratching in a corner like a rat. I went to take up a boot, and I heard Timmy sing out, 'Halloo!' "Where the dickins are you?" said I. 'Here,' said Timmy, 'in this ere boot;' and, I snaggers, there he was, sure enough, in the bottom of the boot, rasping off a peg!"

A general roar of laughter brought Timmy on his legs. His dander was raised. "You boast of your bulk," said he, straining up to his full height, and looking contemptuously around; "why, I am like a four-penny bit among *six cents*—worth the whole of ye!"

I shall now describe a melancholy joke, which they played off on the unfortunate shoemaker;—I say melancholy, for so it proved to him.

A fashionable tailor in a neighboring village came out with a flaming advertisement, which was pasted up in the bar-room of the tavern, and excited general attention. He purported to have for sale a splendid assortment of coats, pantaloons, and waist-coats, of all colors and fashions; also a great variety of trimmings, such as tape, thread, buckram, *frogs*, button moulds, and all the endless small articles that make up a tailor's stock.

The next time Timmy made his appearance, they pointed out to him the advertisement. They especially called his attention to the article of "*frogs*," and reminded him of the great quantity to be caught in Lily Pond. "Why, Timmy," said they, "if you would give up shoemaking and take to frog-catching, you would make your ternal fortune!"

"Yes, Timmy," said another, "you might bag a thousand in a half a day, and folks say they will bring a dollar a hundred."

"Two for a cent a-piece, they brought in New York, when I was there last," said a cross-eyed fellow, tipping the wink.

"There's frogs enough in Lily Pond," said Timmy; "but it's darnation hard work to catch 'em. I snaggers! I chased one nearly half a day before I took him—he jumped like a grasshopper. I wanted him for bait. They're plaguy slippery fellows."

"Never mind, Timmy, take a fish net, and scoop 'em up. You must have 'em alive, and fresh. A lot at this time would fetch a great price."

"I'll tell you what, Timmy," said one of them, taking him aside, "I'll go you shares. Say nothing about it to nobody. To-morrow night, I'll come and help you catch 'em, and we'll divide the gain." Timmy was in raptures.

As Timmy walked home that night, one of those lucky thoughts came into his head, which are always the offspring of solitude and reflection. Thought he, "These ere frogs in a manner belong to me, since my shop stands nearest the pond. Why should I make two bites at a cherry, and divide profits with Joe Gawky? By gravy! I'll get up early to-morrow morning, catch the frogs, and be off with them to the tailor's before sunrise, and so keep all the money myself."

Timmy was awake with the lark. Never before was there such a stir amongst the frogs of Lily Pond. But they were taken by surprise. With

infinite difficulty, he filled his bag, and departed on his journey.

Mr. Buckram, the tailor, was an elderly gentleman, very nervous and very peevish. He was extremely nice in his dress, and prided himself on keeping his shop as neat as wax-work. In his manner he was grave and abrupt, and in countenance severe. I can see him now, handling his shears with all the solemnity of a magistrate, with spectacles on nose, and prodigious ruffles puffing from his bosom.

He was thus engaged, one pleasant spring morning, when a short stubbed fellow, with a bag on his shoulder, entered the shop. The old gentleman was absorbed in his employment, and did not notice his visitor. But his inattention was ascribed by Timmy to deafness, and he approached and applied his mouth to the tailor's ear, exclaiming,—“I say, mister, do you want any frogs to day?”

The old gentleman dropped his shears, and sprung back in astonishment and alarm. “Do you want any frogs this morning?” shouted Timmy, at the top of his voice.

“No!” said the tailor, eyeing him over his spectacles, as if doubting whether he was a fool or madman.

“I have got a fine lot here,” rejoined Timmy, shaking his bag. “They are jest from the pond, and as lively as kittens.”

“Don't bellow in my ears,” said the old man pettishly, “I am not deaf. Tell me what you want, and begone!”

“I want to sell you these ere frogs, old gentleman. You shall have them at a bargain. Only one dollar a hundred. I won't take a cent less. Do you want them?”

The old man now got a glance at the frogs, and was sensible it was an attempt at imposition. He trembled with passion. “No!” exclaimed he, “get out of my shop, you rascal!”

“I say you do want 'em,” said Timmy, bristling up. “I *know* you want 'em; but you're playing offish like, to beat down the price. I won't take a mill less. Will you have them, or not, old man?”

“Scoundrel!” shouted the enraged tailor, “get out of my shop this minute!”

Puzzled, mortified, and angry, Timmy slowly turned on his heel and withdrew. “He won't buy them,” thought he, “for what they are worth, and as for taking *nothing* for them, I won't. And yet, I don't want to lug them back again; but if I ever plague myself by catching frogs again, may I be buttered! Curse the old curmudgeon! I'll try him once more.” And he again entered the shop.

“I say, Mr. Buckram, are you willing to give me any thing for these ere frogs?” The old man was now goaded past endurance. Stamping with rage, he seized his great shears to beat out the speaker's brains.

“Well, then,” said Timmy, bitterly, “take 'em among ye for nothing,” at the same time emptying the contents of his bag on the floor, and marching out.

Imagine the scene that followed! One hundred live bull-frogs emptied upon the floor of a tailor's shop! It was a subject for the pencil of Cruikshank. Some jumped this way and some that way, and some under the bench and some upon it, some into the fire-place and some behind the door. Every nook and corner of the shop was occupied in an instant. Such a spectacle was never seen before. The old





man was nearly distracted. He rent his hair, and stamped in a paroxysm of rage. Then seizing a broom, he made vain endeavors to sweep them out at the door. But they were as contrary as hogs, and when he swept one way, they jumped another. He tried to catch them with his hands, but they were as slippery as eels, and passed through his fingers. It was enough to exhaust the patience of Job. The neighbors, seeing Mr. Buckram sweeping frogs out of his shop, gathered round in amazement, to inquire if they were about to be beset with the plagues of Egypt. But Old Buckram was in such a passion that he could not answer a word, and they were afraid to venture within the reach of his broom. It is astonishing what talk the incident made in the village. Not even the far-famed frogs of Windham excited more.

Thus were the golden visions of the frog catcher resolved into thin air. How many speculators have been equally disappointed!

After this affair, Timothy Drew could never endure the sight of a bull-frog. Whether he discovered the joke that had been played upon him, is uncertain. He was unwilling to converse on the subject. His irritability when it was mentioned only provoked inquiry. People were continually vexing him with questions. "Well, Timmy, how goes the frog market?" "How do you sell frogs?" Even the children would call after him, as he passed, "There goes the frog catcher!" Some mischievous person went so far as to disfigure his sign, so that it read:

SHOES MENDED,  
AND FROGS CAUGHT,  
BY T. DREW.

In fine, Timmy was kept in a continual fever, and the sound of a frog grew hateful to his ears; so that when they tuned up, he would frequently rush out of his shop and pelt them with stones. He could not sleep in his bed. Their dismal croak tormented him through the watches of the night. To

his distempered fancy, they often repeated his name in their doleful concerts, thus:

*Solo.* Timmy Drew-o-o-o—  
Timmy Drew-o-o-o—  
*Chorus.* Boo-o-boo-o—  
Boo-o-boo-o.

One night he was awakened from a sound sleep, by a tremendous bellowing close under his windows. It seemed as if all the bulls of Bashan were clearing out their throats for a general roar. He listened with amazement, and distinguished the following sounds:

Boo-o-o-o—  
Timmy Drew-o-o-o—  
I can make a shoe-o-o-o—  
As well as you-o-o-o—  
And better too,o-o-o—  
And better, too,o-o-o—  
Boo-o-o-o—

Timmy was certain no common frogs could pipe at this rate. He sprang out of bed, hurried on his clothes, and rushed out of the house. "I'll teach the rascally boys to come here and shout in this manner," said he. But no boys could be seen. It was a clear bright night, all was solitary and still, except a discontented muttering of the sleepless frogs in their uncomfortable bed. Timmy, after throwing a few stones into the bushes, retired, concluding it was all a dream. For a time the stillness continued, when again the terrible concert swelled on the evening breeze for a while, and then gradually sunk away in the distance, thus:

I can make a shoe-o-o-o—  
As well as you-o-o-o—  
And better too-o-o-o—  
Boo-o-o-o—  
Bo-o-o—  
Bo-o—

At last their mysterious concerts became very frequent, and the poor shoemaker was nearly deprived of sleep. In vain did he attempt to discover the authors of the annoyances. They could not be found; so that he naturally began to think it was indeed made by the frogs, and that he was to be haunted in this manner all his remaining days. This melancholy idea became seated in his mind, and made him miserable. "Ah!" he said to him-

self, "that was an unlucky day when I disturbed such a frog's nest for that old rascal of a tailor. But it can't be helped."

The next time Timmy Drew stopped at the tavern, he found the people in earnest consultation.

"There he comes," said one, as soon as the shoemaker entered.

"Have you heard the news?" all inquired in a breath.

"No," said Timmy, with a groan.

"Joe Gawky has seen such a *critter* in the pond! A monstrous great frog, as big as an ox, with eyes as large as a horse's! I never heard of no such thing in my born days!"

"Nor I," said Sam Greening.

"Nor I," said Josh Whiting.

"Nor I," said Tom Bizbee.

"I have heard say of such a critter in Ohio," said Eb Crawly. "Frogs have been seed there, as big as a sucking pig; but not in these ere parts."

"Mrs. Timmins," said Sam Greening, "feels quite melancholy about it. She guesses as how it's a sign of some terrible thing that's going to happen."

"I was fishing for pickerel," said Joe Gawky, who, by the by, was a tall spindle-shanked fellow, with a white head, and who stooped in his chest like a crook-necked squash,—"I was after pickerel, and had on a frog's hind leg for bait. There was a tarantula great pickerel just springing at the line, when out sailed this great he-devil from under the bank. By the living hoky! he was as large as a small sized man! Such a straddle-bug I never seed! I up lines, and cleared out like a white-head!"

Timmy examined the faces of the company, and saw that they all credited the story. He began to feel alarmed.

"That are must be the *critter* I heard t'other night in the pond," said Josh Whiting. "I swanny! he roared louder than a bull."

This extraordinary narrative made a great impression on Timothy Drew. He foresaw something terrible was going to happen. In vain was he questioned touching his knowledge of the monster. He would not say a word.

After this introduction the conversation naturally

took a supernatural turn. Every one had some mysterious tale to relate; and thus the evening wore away. Ghosts, witches, and hobgoblins formed prolific themes of discussion. Some told of strange sounds which had been heard in the depths of the forests at midnight; and others of the shapeless monsters which seamen had beheld in the wilderness of the deep. By degrees the company fell off, one by one, until Timothy Drew found himself alone. He was startled at the discovery, and felt the necessity of departing; yet some invisible power seemed to dissuade him from the step. A presentiment of some coming evil hung like an incubus upon his imagination, and nearly deprived him of strength.

At length, he tore himself away. His course lay over a solitary road, darkened by overshadowing trees. A sepulchral stillness pervaded the scene, which was disturbed only by his echoing footsteps. Onward he glided with stealthy paces, not daring to look behind, yet dreading to proceed. At last he reached the summit of a hill, at the foot of which arose his humble dwelling. The boding cry of the frogs was now faintly heard at a distance. He had nearly reached the door of his shop, when a sudden rustle of the leaves by the side of the pond, brought his heart into his mouth. At this moment, the moon partly emerged from a cloud, and disclosed an object before him that fixed him to the spot. An unearthly monster, in the shape of a mammoth bull-frog, sat glaring upon him with eyes like burning coals. With a single leap, it was by his side, and he felt one of his ankles in its cold rude grasp. Terror gave him strength. With an Herculean effort he disengaged his limb from the monster's clutches, rushed up the hill, and in an instant was gone.

"By the living hoky!" said Joe Gawky, slowly rising from the ground, and arranging his dress, "who'd have guessed this ere old pumpkin-head, with a candle in it, would have set that are fellow's stiff knee agoing at that rate! I couldn't see him travel off, for dust."

It is hardly necessary to add that Varmount never seed no more of the Frog Catcher.

## THE GREAT PRINCIPLE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY. 1832.

One of my peculiarities is a strong tendency to differ in opinion from other people upon almost every possible subject. I never mouth the matter—I come out roundly.

I have no doubt the reader is fond of roast-beef and plum-pudding. Now I detest them. Nothing could be more gross, earthly, stultifying. Besides, no man fond of such stuff, does, ever did, or ever can set down to a meal without running into excess. Then come custard, ice-cream, fruit, almonds, raisins, wine. You rise with a distended stomach, and heavy head, and stagger away with brutish apathy. I am for light diet—milk, rice, fruit—sweet, harmless things of nature. No lamb bleeds for me. No stately ox is slain that I may feast. My mother earth supplies my slender appetites. The deep, deep spring, clear as crystal—the innocent vegetables—ethereal food. Thus I am light as

air. I am keenly susceptible to every moral and natural beauty, which few enthusiastic beef-eaters are.

I differ from every body in another thing. I believe in love at first sight. We ought to be able to tell in a week whether a woman would do for a wife. The judgment of true love is intuitive; a glance, and it is done. A man of genius has in his own imagination a standard of the object of his love—an unexplainable model—the prototype to which exists somewhere in reality, although he may never have seen or heard of her. This is wonderful, but it is true. He wanders about the world, impervious to all the delicious, thrilling, soul-melting beams of beauty, till he reaches the right one. There are blue eyes—they are tender, but they touch not him. There are black—they are piercing, but his heart remains whole. At length, accident flings him

into contact with a creature—he hears the tones of her voice—he feels the warm streams of soul shining from her countenance. Gaze meets gaze, and thought sparkles into thought, till the magic blaze is kindled, and—they fall in love.

It sometimes happens, that for one model in the imagination of this man of genius, there are accidentally two or three prototypes in real life; or rather, he has two or three different models.

It is a great misfortune for a man to have more models than one. They lead him astray. They involve him in difficulties. They play the very devil with him.

And yet metaphysicians and phrenologists ought to know, that it is no affair of his. If a schoolboy have the organ of destructiveness, you may whip him for killing flies, but you must not wonder at him. If a youth— But this brings me back again to my subject.

I never could tell how many of these models Fred had; a great many, no doubt. He was a sad dog—a Don Juan—a sort of Giovanni in London—and he bade fair to be a Giovanni in — But that was his business.

Oh, the sweet women! It is almost incredulous. He must have dealt in magic. It was a perfect blessing to be near him; to catch the light and heat of the thousand glances which fell upon him, and of which you caught a few stray ones, though only by accident. Lovely women fell into his mouth like ripe plums. He had clusters of them. They all loved him, and he loved them all. His soul was as large as St. Peter's.

"What are you thinking of, Fred?" said I.

"Caroline," he answered.

"She who sailed yesterday for England?"

"Yes—I love her."

"And *she*?"

He rose and opened an escritoire.

"Is it not perfectly beautiful?"

The sweet relic of golden sunshiny hair lay curled charmingly in a rose-colored envelope. It *did* look prettily. But—

"Has Caroline such light hair?" asked I. "I never knew—I always thought—I was observing only yesterday that—surely, surely you have made some mistake—see, what is that written in the bottom of the paper? 'Julia!'"

Fred hastily looked again in the little pigeon-hole, and drew forth another rose-colored envelope—another and another.

I smiled—so did he.

"What a vile, narrow prejudice it is," said Fred.

"What?"

"That a man can love only once. I have loved twenty—fifty—nay, a hundred times. I *always* love *some one*. Sometimes two at a time—sometimes twenty."

"Heartless!" exclaimed I. "This is not *love*! Love is sole, absorbing, pure, constant, immutable."

"Hark ye," said Fred. "I seldom *cease* to love. Adding another angel to the list does not infer the striking out any of the others. There is no limit. A man of soul loves just as he happens to be placed in relation to women. I am warmed by them, as I am when I stand in the sunshine. Because I have a garden here, when the beams of the god of day fall on my shoulders with a pleasing ardor—must I not feel the warmth when I stand in your garden

yonder? It is the great principle—should the object of my early love *die*, must I be ever thereafter *dead* to the most exquisite of human passions? Death is only absence. I know twelve pretty women. They are better than men. Nature made them so. They are all different—all excellent—all divine. Can I be blind? Can I be deaf? Shall I deny that their voices are sweet—their hearts tender—their minds clear and intelligent? No. I love them all—Julia, Mary, Fanny, Helen, Henrietta, Eliza. I never think of them without sensations of delight."

Frederick felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up. It was Mrs. B., his wife.

"The d—!" said he.

I had withdrawn, of course. I am a bachelor myself. Curtain lectures are not in my way. I have troubles enough of my own. Mrs. B. did not come down to dinner. Mr. B. did not come home to tea. I did not get up next morning to breakfast. So I could not know what was the result.

Mrs. B. is one of the very loveliest women I ever met. I believe I have two or three models myself! It is pleasant enough, but then—every rose has its thorns.

"Only think!" said she to me, her eyes moistened with tears, her cheek crimsoned with shame, her bosom palpitating with distress, "twelve! he loves twelve, he says."

"A whole jury," said I.

"It is monstrous!" said she.

"Monstrous indeed!" echoed I.

"What if I should love twelve officers!" said she.

"Tit for tat," said I.

"Or six," said she.

"Too good for him," said I, taking her hand.

"Or three," said she.

"Or *one*," said I, drawing her toward me, and kissing her soft lips. She was my only sister, and I always loved her.

The plot was arranged. Frederick had meditated a journey of two days, but was called back by an anonymous note, at nine the same evening.

Tall women are so scarce! We hired the uniforms at the tailors'.

"I am thunderstruck!" exclaimed Fred to me. "The world is at an end. The sun is out. What! Kate—my dear Kate!" Tears gushed from his eyes.

"I saw it myself," said the servant.

"Kissed her!"

"Six times," said John.

Frederick caught the pistol, and pointed it at his head. I wrenched it from his grasp.

"Come with me," I said. "Perhaps it may be a mistake."

We opened the door softly. In the next room sat Mrs. B.; at her feet a richly-dressed young soldier, who kissed her hand, received from her a lock of hair, swore he loved her, and left her with an ardent embrace.

"I am suffocating," said Fred.

"Hush!" I exclaimed: "See, there is another. How familiarly he seats himself by her side—takes her hand"—

"I shall strangle to death."



"Patience!"

"Dearest colonel!" exclaimed Julia.

"The other was only the lieutenant," whispered John.

"I am blessed with too few such faithful friends." I held Fred still with the grasp of a giant.

"That I love you I cannot deny. *A woman of soul loves just as she happens to be placed in relation to men. She is warmed by their noble characters, as she is when she stands in the sunshine. It is the great principle.*"

"Loveliest of thy sex," said her companion.

Fred burst forth, levelling both pistols at the Colonel. He pulled the triggers, but they did not go off. Pistols loaded with sawdust seldom do.

The Colonel uttered a scream, and fled.

"Madam," said Fred, swelling with indignation, "have you any more of these affectionate friends?"

"Only eight, my dear husband. Why, what puts you in such a rage?"

"Perfidious wretch!"

"Hear me," said Mrs. B., solemnly. "When we married, I intended to devote my life, my actions, my heart to you. From you I expected the same. I can see no distinction in our relative duties to-

wards each other. Love must exist on both sides—or on neither. Whatever may be the opinion of a heartless world, a 'man of soul' and of virtue makes his wife"—

"I am not to be preached to, traitress," said Fred. "I leave you now, for ever; but not till I take vengeance on my new military acquaintances. Where are they?"

"They are here," she answered.

The door was thrown open, and the two officers, with their *chapeaux* off, were heard giggling and laughing in a most unmilitary manner.

Fred soon discovered the truth, and I read him his moral.

Husbands, all, remember that wives have equal anguish and shame with yourselves, in receiving a *share* of affection, though they do not possess your despotic power in extorting it. The slightest dereliction, even though only the carelessness of a moment, on the part of a wife, stamps her for ever with ignominy and pain; while the absurd customs of society allow to a man a greater latitude, in slighting, neglecting, and deceiving her whose happiness is in his keeping. Of these customs "the man of soul" will never take advantage.

## THE MOSQUITO.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. CIRCA, 1832.

Fare insect! that with threadlike legs spread out,  
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,  
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,  
In pitiless ears, full many a plaintive thing,  
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,  
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need?

Unwillingly, I own, and, what is worse,  
Full angrily men hearken to thy plaint;  
Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse,  
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint.  
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,  
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,  
Has not the honor of so proud a birth—  
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,  
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;  
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,  
The ocean-nymph that nursed thy infancy.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,  
And when at length thy gauzy wings grew strong,  
Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,  
Rose in the sky, and bore thee soft along;  
The south-wind breathed to waft thee on thy way,  
And danced and shone beneath the billow bay.

Calm rose afar the city spires, and thence  
 Came the deep murmur of its throng of men,  
 And as its grateful odors met thy sense,  
 They seemed the perfumes of thy native fen.  
 Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight  
 Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight.

At length thy pinion fluttered in Broadway—  
 Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed  
 By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray  
 Shone through the snowy vails like stars through  
 mist;  
 And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,  
 Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent  
 skin.

Sure these were sights to tempt an anchorite!  
 What! do I hear thy slender voice complain?  
 Thou walest when I talk of beauty's light,  
 As if it brought the memory of pain.  
 Thou art a wayward being—well—come near,  
 And pour thy tale of sorrow in mine ear.

What say'st thou, slanderer! rouge makes thee sick?  
 And China Bloom at best is sorry food?  
 And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,  
 Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood?  
 Go! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime—  
 But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at—not to touch;  
 To worship—not approach—that radiant white;  
 And well might sudden vengeance light on such  
 As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.  
 Thou shouldst have gazed at distance, and admired—  
 Murmur'd thy admiration and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town—but why come here  
 To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?  
 Alas! the little blood I have is dear,  
 And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.  
 Look round—the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,  
 Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood  
 Enrich'd by gen'rous wine and costly meat;  
 On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,  
 Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled feet.  
 Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,  
 The oyster breeds and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows,  
 To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now  
 The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose  
 Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the  
 brow;  
 And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,  
 No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

## MAJOR EGERTON.

BY GULIAN C. VERPLANCK. 1833.

It was longer ago than I commonly care to tell, without special necessity, that, having finished my professional studies, I spent my first fashionable winter in New York. The gay and polite society of the city, which every day's necessity is now dividing up into smaller and more independent circles, was then one very large one, wherein whoever was introduced, circulated freely throughout the whole. I of course went every where; and every where did I meet with Major Egerton. He was a young British officer, of high connections. Not one of your Lord Mortimers or Marquises de Crillon, who have so often taken in our title-loving republicans of fashion; but a real officer of the — regiment, a major at the age of twenty-six, and the nephew of a distinguished English general; in proof of which he had brought the best letters to the "best good men," in our chief cities. He was quite the fashion, and he deserved to be so. Most people thought him handsome; tall and well made, and young and accomplished he certainly was; of easy and graceful manners, ready and bold address, and fluent rattling conversation. He danced to the admiration of the ladies; and that, at a time when our belles were accustomed to the incredible performances of so many Parisian partners, was no mean feat for an Englishman. He was overflowing with anecdotes of the great and the gay of London; and listening dinner tables and drawing-rooms hung upon his lips, while he dis-coursed about the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Dudley and Ward, the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Louisa Mildmay, Mrs. Siddons, Lord Nelson, Kemble, and the Countess of Derby.

Still, I know not why, I liked not the man. There was something singularly disagreeable in the

tone, or rather the croak, of his voice. His ready and polite laugh never came from the heart—and his smile, when by a sudden draw of his lip he showed his white teeth, contrasting with his black brow and sallow cheek, had a covert ferocity in it which almost made me shudder.

One evening, at the theatre—it was when Fennel and Cooper were contending for the palm in *Othello* and *Iago*—we were crowded together in a corner of the stage-box.

"Mr. Herbert," said he suddenly to me, "you do not seem to know that you and I are quite old acquaintances."

"I don't understand you, Major —"

"Some six or seven years ago, you, then a lad, accompanied your father to the west on his mission as a commissioner to make an Indian treaty."

"Yes."

"Did you remember among the Tuscoraras the Black Wild Cat, a youth of white blood, the adopted son of Good Peter, the great Indian orator? I mean the one who, after giving you a lesson on the bow and arrow, surprised a reverend divine of your party, by reading in his Greek Testament, and then mortified him by correcting his pronunciation of Latin, which, like other American scholars, he pronounced in a way intolerable to the ears of one who has had long and shorts flogged into him at an English school."

"Certainly I remember him; and it is a mystery which has often puzzled me ever since."

"Then you have now the solution of it. I am the Black Wild Cat."

"You?—how!"

"After leaving Harrow I accompanied my uncle



to Canada. There, a boyish frolic induced me to join an Indian party, who were returning home from Montreal. Good Peter (a great man by the way, very like our Erskine) took a fancy to me, and I spent my time pleasantly enough. It is certainly a delicious life that of savages, as we call them. But my uncle coaxed me back. I am not sure that I was not a fool for accepting his offer, but I could not resist the temptation of the red coat and an epaulette. The old man has pushed me on as fast as money and interest could promote me. The rest I can do for myself: and if Pitt will leave off his little expeditions to pick up colonies, and give us a fair chance on the continent, the major at six and twenty will be a general, and a peer at thirty."

Here the rising of the curtain interrupted us. Business called me to Albany the next day, and before my return, Major Egerton had sailed for England.

I did not, however, forget him; and I often related, as one of the odd vicissitudes of life, the contrast between the young Black Wild Cat, as I first saw him in a Tuscarora wigwam, and the elegant major, glittering in scarlet and gold, when I met him again in the British Consul's ball-room.

A year or two after this, I went to England; and not long after my arrival, spent a week at Bath. All who are at all learned in English dramatic history, know that the Bath company is commonly good, the Bath audience fashionable and critical, and that there many of the stars of the theatrical firmament have first risen. Whilst I was there, a first appearance was announced. Mr. Monfort, of whom report spoke favorably, was to make his *début* as Romeo. I went with the crowd to see it. Romeo entered, and thunders of applause welcomed the handsome and graceful lover.

Could I believe my eyes? Can this be Major Egerton? Yes—he smiles—that wicked and heartless smile cannot be mistaken; and his voice—that tuneless grating voice.—It is he. What can it mean? Is it a joke or a frolic, or some strange caprice of fortune?

That grating voice which betrayed him to me ruined him with the house. It had sudden and most ludicrous breaks from a high coarse croak, down at once into a shrill shriek; so that, in spite of grace and figure, and a tolerable conception of his author, he was fairly laughed down. I did my best to sustain him, but I was almost alone in the good-natured attempt.

Two days after, turning short round the transept of the Abbey church, I came full upon Major Egerton, who was standing alone, with a listless and melancholy air.

"Major," said I—then correcting myself—"Mr. Monfort"—with an offer of my hand. He met me boldly—"Herbert," said he, "I see you know my misfortunes." "Not at all—I saw you in Romeo, but wherefore you were Romeo I could not guess."

"Sheer necessity—a run of ill luck and other misfortunes to which young soldiers are exposed, threw me out of favor with my uncle the old general, and into the King's Bench. At last I sold my commission, and resolved on a new profession. I had trusted to succeed on the stage; I knew that this husky throat of mine made the attempt hazardous, yet Gifford and his brother wags had laughed at 'the hoarse croak of Kemble's foggy throat,' and if art and taste had overcome his defects, why might they not mine also? But it is all over now."

"Then you do not mean to pursue the profession?" "No—the manager talks of twelve and sixpence a week, and ordered me to study Bardolph for Cooke's Falstaff on Monday. I must seek my fortune elsewhere. If nothing better offers, I'll to my old trade, and enlist as a soldier. In the meanwhile, lend me a guinea for old acquaintance sake."

I did so, and saw no more of him at Bath. I soon after left England for the continent. At Dover, before the quarters of some general officer, I saw the *ci-devant* Major Egerton on duty as a sentinel—a private soldier. I did not speak to him, nor did he seem to observe me; but I was sure of my man.

The studies and the amusements of Paris, during the winter, and the excitement of travel for the rest of the year, soon put my unlucky major out of my head; except that now and then, when I fell into a narrative mood, I would tell his story to some of my young countrymen, generally ending it with a Johnsonian morality; "that nothing could supply the want of prudence, and that continued irregularity will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and talent contemptible."

In those days, it was not easy to get a comfortable passage from France to the United States, so that I was obliged to return home by the way of England. I therefore crossed from Holland to Harwich. Not far from the road up to London, was the country-seat of a wealthy gentleman, who had married a pretty American cousin of mine. I gladly seized the opportunity of paying Sophia a visit, and as willingly accepted her husband's invitation to spend a day or two with them. The next day was Sunday.

"You will go with us to church," said Sophia; "your passion for Gothic churches and old monuments will be gratified there. We have an old carved pulpit, said to be without its match in England."

"Yes, cousin; but what shall we find in the pulpit to-day?"

"Oh, our rector, I suppose. He is not quite such a preacher as your Dr. Mason, yet they say he is very agreeable in society; though I know little about him, for my husband holds him in perfect detestation."

So we went to the village church. As I followed Sophia up the aisle, the "Dearly beloved brethren," grated on my ear in that voice which I can never forget. I looked up in amazement. In the reading-desk, duly attired in surplice and band, stood Major Egerton!

I could not allow my cousin to enter the pew, without asking her, in a hurried whisper: "Who is the clergyman?" "Mr. Egerton, the rector," she replied, as coldly as if there was nothing strange in the matter. I was lost in wonder, and stood during the whole service leaning over the high oak pew, gazing at the rector in all the fidgety impatience of curiosity. He rattled through the service, psalms, lessons, litany, and all, in little more than half an hour, and then preached a sermon of twelve minutes, which I believe was a paper of the Rambler, with a scriptural text substituted for the classical motto. To do Egerton justice, there was nothing of levity or affectation in his manner; but it was as rapid, cold, and mechanical as possible.

As soon as it was over, without thinking of my friends, or any one else, I bustled through the retiring congregation, and met the rector alone at the

foot of his pulpit stairs. He had observed me before, and now greeted me with a laugh. "So," said he, "Herbert, you see circumstances have altered with me since you saw me at Dover, a poor private in the 49th."

"They have, indeed; but what does it mean?"

"Nothing more than that a rich and noble cousin was ashamed of having a relation and a godson who bore his name, and had borne a commission in his Majesty's service, now known to be a private of foot. He paid my debts, took me out of the ranks, and was about to ship me off for Sierra Leone, as clerk of the courts there, when this living, which is in his gift, became vacant. I had Greek and Latin enough left out of my old Harrow stock for any ordinary parson; and the living is not bad. So having no particular fancy to spend my days 'all among the Hottentots a capering on shore,' I begged the living, and got myself japped."

"Japped!" said I.

"Yes, got my red coat dyed black, you know. The Bishop of London was squeamish about me, though I don't see why; but his Lordship of — had no such silly scruples, and I have been these two months rector of Buffington cum Norton."

On Monday I went up to London, and soon after returned home. On my second visit to Europe some years after, I became very intimate with a party of young Cantabs, some of them rich, and all of them well educated, who were suffering under that uneasiness at home, and desire of locomotion abroad, which infects idle Englishmen of all ages; a malady of which, by the way, we have inherited a full share with our English blood. Shut out from the common tour of Europe by the domination of Napoleon, my Cambridge friends had planned a grand tour to Russia, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and thence perhaps to Persia and India. I was easily persuaded to be of the party.

This, of course, is not the place to relate my travels, nor, indeed, is it necessary that I should ever do it. My companions have long ago anticipated me in sundry well-printed London quartos, with splendid engravings; wherein I have the honor to be perpetuated by the burin of Heath and other great artists, now, perched half way up a pyramid, then jolting on the bare back of a hard-trotting camel, and sometimes sitting cross-legged on the floor between two well-bearded Turks, at a Pasha's dinner-table, eating roast lamb and rice with my fingers. Meanwhile, in the letter-press I go down to posterity as the author's "intelligent friend," his "amusing friend," and even his "enterprising friend." Thus, upon the whole, without the risk or trouble of authorship, I have gained a very cheap and agreeable literary immortality; except, however, that when any disaster occurs in the tour, I am somehow made to bear a much larger portion of it than I can recollect to have ever actually fallen to my share. On all such occasions I am made to figure as "our unfortunate friend."

It was not till we had again turned our faces towards civilized Europe, after having traversed in all directions the frozen North and the gorgeous East, and gazed on many a "forest and field and flood, temple, and tower," renowned in song or in story, that we reached the land of Egypt.

We had consumed a full year in our tour more than we had calculated on, and were all of us in a feverish anxiety to return home. We therefore, *una voce*, gave up the thoughts of penetrating to

the sources of the Nile, and of eating live beef-steaks with Bruce's Abyssinian friends.

But the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and the other wonders of antiquity thereunto appurtenant, we could not return without seeing, though they must be seen in haste. And we did see them.

It was after having seen all the sights, and explored the great Pyramid in the usual way within, and clambered to its top without, whilst my fatigued companions were resting in the shade with our guard, that I, who am proof against any fatigue of this sort, and a little vain too of being so, strolled forward towards the Sphinx, which, as every body knows, rears its ugly colossal head out of the sand at some distance in front of what is called the second Pyramid. I was sitting near it, making a sketch, after my fashion, of the relative position of the four great Pyramids, when I was startled by the sudden appearance of a gay troop of Mameluke horse, whose approach had been hidden from my sight by the ruins of the small pyramid on my left, and who now suddenly darted by me in gallant style. To my surprise, the leader of the troop, who, from the dazzling splendor of his equipments, seemed to be a chief of rank, in passing looked me full in the face, and then rapidly wheeling twice round me, sprang from his horse. In the meanwhile his party, to whom he gave some brief command, went on at a slow walk, and halted in the shade of a neighboring ruin.



The stranger stood silently before me, tall and stately, in that gorgeous amplitude and splendor of dress which Eastern warriors love. His wide scarlet trowsers marked him as a Mameluke. A rich cashmere shawl, such as an English duchess might have envied, was fancifully wreathed, turban-like, round his helm, and fell over his shoulders. This, as well as his clasped and silver-mounted pistols and jewel-hilted dagger in his belt, and his crooked cimier in its crimson velvet sheath, with gold bosses and hilt, marked the rank and wealth of the wearer. So, too, did his slender limbed, small-headed, bright-eyed iron-gray Arabian, with black



legs, mane, and tail, and sprinkled all over with little stars of white, who had a moment before passed me with the swiftness of an arrow's flight, and who now stood behind his master, with the reins loose on his neck, gentle and docile as a spaniel.

Supposing that this might be some Turk whom I had known at Alexandria or Cairo, I looked him full in the face, but could not recollect having seen him before. He appeared young, except that his coal-black whiskers and beard were here and there grizzled by a grayish hair. The scar of a deep sabre-cut across the forehead and left cheek, showed him no holiday soldier. There was nothing in his manner to excite alarm, and besides, my friends, with a very strong guard of horse, were within bearing.

After mutually gazing on each other for some moments, the customary *salaam* of oriental salutation was on my lips, when I was startled by his grasping my hand with a genuine English shake, and calling me by name, in a well-known voice. Then, too, the thickly-mustachioed upper lip drew back, and showed me the well-remembered tiger-like smile.

"Egerton—can it be?—Major?" said I.

"No—Hussein—Hussein Al Rus."

"Then this is not the Reverend Rector of ——"

I proceeded, perplexed and confused, though certain as to my man.

"Yes—but that was six long years ago. An awkward circumstance occurred which made it expedient for me to leave England; as I had no fancy to gain posthumous renown, like Dr. Dodd, by preaching my own funeral sermon and being hung in my canonicals."

"But now is it that you are in Egypt; and that, it seems, in honor and affluence?"

"Yes. It goes well enough with me here. Accident brought me to Egypt. The Pasha wanted men who knew European tactics, and I found a place in his service. Another accident, of which I bear the mark (passing his hand across his forehead), placed me about his person. *Au reste*, I made my own way, and have a very pretty command, which I would not care to exchange for any regiment in his Majesty's service."

"But the language?"

"Oh—I have a great facility in catching languages by the ear. I believe I owe it to my Tuscarora education. *Apropos*—How is Good Peter? Is the old man alive?" I was about to tell him what I knew about Good Peter, when he again interrupted me. "But for yourself—what are you doing here? Have you money-making Yankees caught the English folly of digging up mummies, measuring pyramids, and buying stone-coffins? sarcophagi of Alexander and Ptolemy, as the fools call them."

"As respects myself," I answered, "it seems so."

"Then I may serve you. You once did me a favor; perhaps I can repay it now."

"I have no favors to ask, but that of your company, and the information you can give me. I am with an English party, under the protection of the British consulate at Cairo, and have no projects independent of my friends."

"Ah!—is it so—then you need nothing from me. John Bull is in power here just now, and is your best protector. I am sorry that the company you are in may prevent my seeing much of you. But

we'll meet somewhere again. Good by," said he, leaping on his Arabian. In a few minutes he was at the head of his troop, and in a few more, out of sight.

"Fare thee well," muttered I to myself, following him with my eyes till he was out of their reach; "better thus than as I saw thee last—better a Mohammedan renegade than a profligate priest. But why Hussein? Zimri should be your name. You are the very Zimri of Dryden's glorious satire."

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;  
A man so virtuous as he seemed to be,  
Not one, but all mankind's eplome.

Thus musing and quoting I rejoined my friends; whom, by the way, I did not let into the whole history of the Mameluke, as he had reposed some degree of confidence in me. I satisfied them with some general account of meeting a Turk whom I had seen before in England.

We returned to Cairo, and soon left Egypt. Six months after, I landed once more in New York. Years rolled on, all pregnant with great events to the world, and with smaller ones of equal interest to myself. I did not talk any more about Egerton; for his transformations had now become so multiplied, that they began to sound too like a traveler's story to be told by as modest a man as I am. Besides, there was then no need of telling any old stories; for those were the glorious and stirring days of Napoleon, when

Events of wonder swelled each gale,  
And each day brought a varying tale.

Meantime my natural instinct for travel—for it is certainly an instinct—Dr. Gall himself once pointed me out in his own lecture-room as wholly deficient in the organ of *inhabitiveness*, and equally conspicuous for my capacity for *localities*. This instinct, though long restrained, was as ardent as ever; and when my old friend Commodore —— invited me to accompany him in his Mediterranean cruise, to try a new seventy-four, and parade our naval force before Turks and Christians, I could not refuse him.

Once more then I gazed on the towers and minarets of Constantinople. Once more, that fair scene—but all that is in Dr. Clarke and the other travellers, and I hate telling thrice-told tales.

Whilst at Constantinople, or rather in its suburbs, with a party of American officers, after having satisfied our curiosity as far as we could, on the shore of European Turkey, my friends were anxious to take a look at the Asiatic coast, where the true Turk was to be seen in more unadulterated purity. So, among other excursions, we went to Scutari. It is an old Turkish town, full of mosques and monasteries of Dervishes; and the great lion of the place is the exhibition of the *Mehreleh*, or Dancing Dervishes, one of the very few religious ceremonies of the Mohammedans which an infidel is allowed to witness.

It is a strange thing that there is so little variety among men in this large world. Nature is inexhaustible in her changes, but man is always alike. Here are we all, east, west, north, and south, and have been these two thousand years, telling and hearing the same stories, laughing at the same jokes, and playing the fool all over in the same dull way. That the business of life and its science and its passions, should be uniform, is a matter of course. People must of necessity, till their fields and learn their mathematics, must make money, make war,

make shoes, and make love, pretty much as the rest of the world do. But their fancies and their follies, one would think, might be dissimilar, irregular, wild, capricious, and original. Nevertheless, the non-sense of the world smacks every where of wearisome sameness; and wherever the traveller roams, the only real variety he finds in man is that of coat, gown, cloak, or pelisse—hat, cap, helm, or turban—the sitting cross-legged or on a chair—the eating dinner with a fork or the fingers.

This nonsense of the dancing and howling Dervishes at Scutari, is very much the same nonsense that many of my readers must have seen at Lebanon and Niskayuna among our Shakers. It is a kind of dancing by way of religious exercises, at first heavy, and then becoming more and more violent. The chief difference is, that the Turks, when once excited, have more violence in whirling round and round on their tip-toes, with shouting and howling, than I have ever seen in our placid and well-fed Shaker monks. The Turks have, besides, the music of flutes and tambour, and the psalter of patriarchal days, which they accompany with a maniac guttural howling of *Ullah-hoo, Ullah-hoo*. Those who pretend to special sanctity, add some sleight-of-hand tricks, such as seeming to drive daggers into their flesh, and taking hot irons into their mouths.

Altogether it is a very tedious and very disgusting spectacle.

The emir or abbot of the Mohammedan monastery was old and feeble, and the chief duty of leading the dance and setting the howl, devolved upon a kind of aid-de-camp, to whom great respect was evidently paid. He had the ordering of the whole ceremony, and the arranging of spectators, and was in fact, as one of my naval companions called him, the Beau Nash of the Dervishes' ball-room.

He was a stout, dirty Turk, with bushy gray locks and beard, dressed in the old costume of his fraternity; his brow, overshadowed by the cap which they wear instead of the graceful turban of the East, and his cheek swelled up with that tumor and scar, which is left by the peculiar distemper of some Syrian cities, and is called, in Turkey, the Aleppo tumor. I remarked, too, that his eyes, before he was excited by the dance, had that dreamy vacance, and his skin that ghastly pale glossiness, which indicate the habitual opium-taker.

This fellow eyed our party frequently and closely, and, as I thought, seemed to meditate some plan for laying us under special contribution.

When the dance was over, and the rabble, who formed the mass of the congregation, had gone off, our guide proceeded to show us the monastery, which I thought curious only because it differed less than I had expected from the convents of Europe. Just as we were going off, an underling howler pulled me by the coat, and pointed to a cell with many gesticulations, and some words which I could not understand. Our guide told me that I was specially honored, for I was invited to converse separately with the Dervish Yussuf the Wise, a most holy man, and, as he said, commonly called the Wise, because he was thought to be out of his senses.

I entered, and found my dirty, dancing, howling, swelled-faced, gray-bearded Beau Nash of the morning's service, stretched on a carpet, evidently overcome with fatigue, and solacing himself with a little box of *Mash-Allah*, a kind of opium lozenge.

Scarcely were we alone, than he rose with an air of dignity, and startled me by addressing me in English.



"Time has laid his hand gently upon you, Francis Herbert. You are stouter—and I see gray hairs straggling through your brown curls—otherwise you are unchanged since I left you in America twenty-five years ago. I am old. I am old before my time. Prisons and battles and the plague have borne me down. But the hand of God is with me. He is great, Mohammed is his prophet. Mohammed Resoul Allah!"

"What—Egerton!—Hussein!—when—how—why left you Egypt?"

"It was so written in the eternal counsels of him who fashions all things to his will. It was foreordained—even as all things are foreordained—that I should escape from the tyrant and become a prophet, and a holy one. In that predestination is thy fate mysteriously linked to mine."

His eye kindled, his form dilated, and he burst into the horrible howl of his order—*Ullah-hoo*.

Was this fanaticism? Was this lunacy? Was it the temporary intoxication of opium? or was this wretched man masking under wild enthusiasm some deep plot of ambition or fraud?

I know not. I was glad to leave the cell. I left it wondering, sorrowing, disgusted, and have never since seen him.

Yet frequently in crowds, or in the hurry of commercial cities, I have met faces that seemed familiar to me, though I knew them not, and I have often fancied some of them to be his.

Sometimes, too, I dream of this fearful Proteus, and meet him in new shapes.

It was but last week that I supped in company with an intelligent English officer, who had accompanied Lord Amherst in his mission to Peking, and went to bed with my head full of China and its customs. I dreamt that our government had sent out Dr. Mitchell as ambassador to the Celestial empire, and that I accompanied my learned friend. The

moment we arrived at Canton, a fat old mandarin, with a blue button in his cap and a gilt dragon on his breast, came on board our frigate, flourished his hands twenty times, and thumped his forehead as

often on the deck, and then jumping up, burst into a laugh, and asked me if I did not recollect the Black Wild Cat, alias the Reverend Major, Rector, Romeo, Bardolph, Hussein, Yussuf Egerton.

## STEAM.

BY WILLIAM COX. 1833.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.—BYRON.

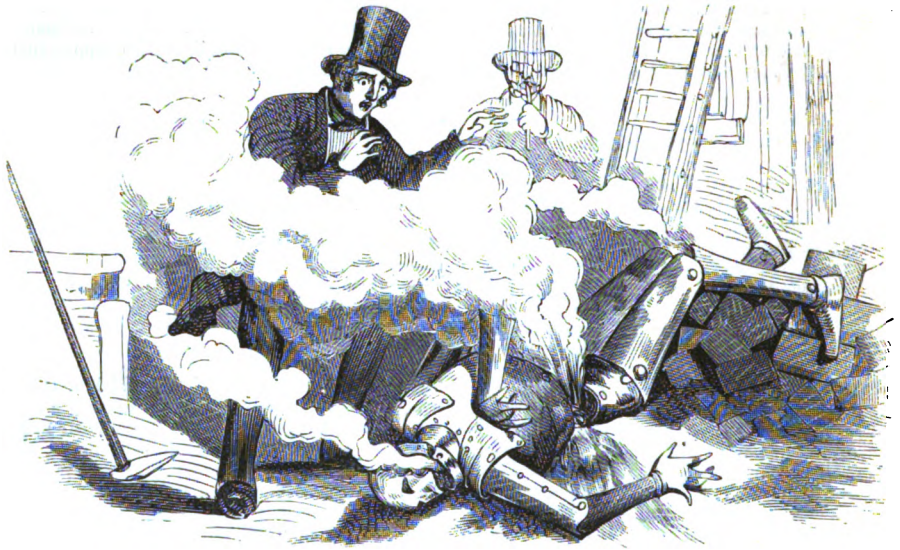
Modern philosophy anon,  
Will, at the rate she's rushing on,  
Yoke lightning to her railroad car,  
And, posting like a shooting star,  
Swift as a solar radiation,  
Ride the grand circuit of creation.—ANON.

I HAVE a bilious friend, who is a great admirer and imitator of Lord Byron; that is, he affects misanthropy, masticates tobacco, has his shirts made without collars, calls himself a miserable man, and writes poetry with a glass of gin-and-water before him. His gin, though far from first-rate, is better than his poetry; the latter, indeed, being worse than that of many authors of the present day, and scarcely fit for an album; however, he does not think so, and makes a great quantity. At his lodgings, a few evenings ago, among other morbid productions, he read me one entitled "Steam," written in very blank verse, and evidently modelled after the noble poet's "Darkness," in which he takes a bird's-eye view of the world two or three centuries hence, describes things in general, and comes to a conclusion with, "Steam was the universe!" Whether it was the fumes arising from this piece of solemn bombast, or whether I had unconsciously imbibed more hollands than my temperate habits allow of, I cannot say, but I certainly retired to bed, like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme." There was no "dreamless sleep" for me that night, and Queen Mab drove full gallop through every nook and cranny of my brain. Strange and fantastical visions floated before me, till at length came one with all the force and clearness of reality.

I thought I stood upon a gentle swell of ground, and looked down upon the scene beneath me. It was a pleasant sight, and yet a stranger might have passed it by unheeded; but to me it was as the green spot in the desert, for there I recognized the haunt of my boyhood. There was the wild common on which I had so often scampered "frae mornin' sun till dine," skirted by the old wood, through which the burn stole tinkling to the neighboring river. There was the little ivy-covered church with its modest spire and immovable weathercock, and clustering around lay the village that I knew contained so many kind and loving hearts. All looked just as it did on the summer morning when I left it, and went a wandering over this weary world. To me, the very trees possessed an individuality; the branches of the old oak (there was but one) seemed to nod familiarly towards me, the music of the rippling water fell pleasantly on my ear, and the passing breeze murmured of "home, sweet home." The balmy air was laden with the hum of unseen insects, and filled with the fragrance of a thousand common herbs and flowers; and to my eyes the place looked prettier and pleasanter than any they have since rested on. As I gazed, the "womanish moisture" made dim my sight, and I

felt that yearning of the heart which every man who has a soul feels—let him go where he will, or reason how he will—on once more beholding the spot where the only pure, unsullied part of his existence passed away. Suddenly, the scene changed. The quiet, smiling village vanished, and a busy, crowded city occupied its place. The wood was gone, the brook dried up, and the common cut to pieces, and covered with a kind of iron gangways. I looked upon the surrounding country, if country it could be called, where vegetable nature had ceased to exist. The neat, trim gardens, the verdant lawns and swelling uplands, the sweet-scented meadows and waving corn-fields, were all swept away, and fruit, and flowers, and herbage, appeared to be things uncared for and unknown. Houses and factories, and turnpikes and railroads, were scattered all around; and along the latter, as if propelled by some unseen infernal power, monstrous machines flew with inconceivable swiftness. People were crowding and jostling each other on all sides. I mingled with them, but they were not like those I had formerly known—they walked, talked, and transacted business of all kinds with astonishing celerity. Every thing was done in a hurry; they ate, drank, and slept in a hurry; they danced, sung, and made love in a hurry; they married, died, and were buried in a hurry, and resurrection-men had them out of their graves before they well knew they were in them. Whatever was done, was done upon the high-pressure principle. No person stopped to speak to another in the street; but as they moved rapidly on their way, the men talked faster than women do now, and the women talked twice as fast as ever. Many were bald; and on asking the reason, I was given to understand that they had been great travellers, and that the rapidity of modern conveyances literally scalped those who journeyed much in them, sweeping whiskers, eyebrows, eyelashes,—in fact, every thing in any way movable, from their faces. Animal life appeared to be extinct; carts and carriages came rattling down the highways, horseless and driverless, and wheelbarrows trundled along without any visible agency. Nature was out of fashion, and the world seemed to get along tolerably well without her.

At the foot of the street, my attention was attracted by a house they were building, of prodigious dimensions, being not less than seventeen stories high. On the top of it, several men were at work, when, dreadful to relate, the foot of one of them slipped, and he was precipitated to the earth with a fearful crash. Judge of my horror and indigna-



tion on observing the crowd pass unheedingly by, scarcely deigning to cast a look on their fellow-creature, who doubtless lay weltering in his blood; and the rest of the workmen pursued their several avocations without a moment's pause in consequence of the accident. On approaching the spot, I heard several in passing murmur the most incomprehensible observations. "Only a steam man," said one. "Won't cost much," said another. "His boiler overcharged, I suppose," cried a third; "the way in which all these accidents happen!" And true enough, there lay a man of tin and sheet iron, weltering in hot water. The superintendent of the concern, who was not a steam man, but made of the present materials, gave it as his opinion that the springs were damaged, and the steam-vessels a little ruptured, but not much harm done; and straight-way sent the corpse to the blacksmith's (who was a flesh-and-blood man) to be repaired. Here was then at once a new version of the old Greek fable, and modern Prometheuses were actually as "plentiful as blackberries." In fact, I found upon inquiry, that society was now divided into two great classes, living and "locomotive" men, the latter being much the better and honester people of the two; and a fashionable political economist of the name of Malthus, a lineal descendant of an ancient, and it appears, rather inconsistent system-monger, had just published an elaborate pamphlet, showing the manifold advantages of propagating those no-provender-consuming individuals in preference to any other. So that it appeared, that any industrious mechanic might in three months have a full-grown family about him, with the full and comfortable assurance that, as the man says in Chrononhotonthologos, "they were all his own and none of his neighbor's."

These things astonished, but they also perplexed and wearied me. My spirit grew sick, and I longed for the world again, and its quiet and peaceable modes of enjoyment. I had no fellowship with the two new races of beings around me, and nature and her charms were no more. All things seemed forced, unnatural, unreal—indeed, little better than barefaced impositions. I sought the banks of my

native river; it alone remained unchanged. The noble stream flowed gently and tranquilly as of yore, but even here impertinent man had been at work, and pernicious railroads had been formed to its very verge. I incautiously crossed one of them, trusting to my preconceived notions of time and space, the abhorred engine being about three-quarters of a mile from me; but scarcely had I stepped over, when it flew whizzing past the spot I had just quitted, and catching me in its eddy, spun me round like a top under the lash. It was laden with passengers, and went with headlong fury straight toward the river. Its fate seemed inevitable—another instant, and it would be immersed in the waves; when lo! it suddenly sunk into the bosom of the earth, and in three seconds was ascending a perpendicular hill on the opposite bank of the river. I was petrified, and gazed around with an air of helpless bewilderment, when a gentleman, who was doubtless astonished at my astonishment, shouted in passing, "What's the fellow staring at?" and another asked, "If I had never seen a tunnel before?"

Like Lear, "my wits began to turn." I wished for some place where I might hide myself from all around, and turned instinctively to the spot where the village ale-house used to stand. But where, alas! was the neat thatched cottage that was wont so often to

Impart

An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.

Gone! and in its place stood a huge fabric, labelled "Grand Union Railroad Hotel." But here also it was steam, steam, nothing but steam! The rooms were heated by steam, the beds were made and aired by steam, and instead of a pretty, red-lipped, rosy-checked chambermaid, there was an accursed machine-man smoothing down the pillows and bolsters with mathematical precision; the victuals were cooked by steam, yea, even the meat roasted by steam. Instead of the clean-swept hearth

With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel sweet,  
there was a patent steam-stove, and the place was

altogether hotter than any decent man would ever expect to have any thing to do with. Books and papers lay scattered on the table. I took up one of the former; it was filled with strange new phrases, all more or less relating to steam, of which I knew nothing, but as far as I could make out the English of the several items, they ran somewhat thus:

*"Another Shocking Catastrophe.*—As the warranted-safe locomotive smoke-consuming, fuel-providing steam carriage, Lightning, was this morning proceeding at its usual three-quarter speed of one hundred and twenty-seven miles an hour, at the junction of the Hannington and Slipsby railroads it unfortunately came in contact with the steam-carriage Snail, going at about one-hundred and five miles per hour. Of course, both vehicles with their passengers were instantaneously reduced to an impalpable powder. The friends of the deceased have the consolation of knowing that no blame can possibly attach to the intelligent proprietors of the Lightning, it having been clearly ascertained that those of the Snail started their carriage full two seconds before the time agreed on, in order to obviate, in some degree, the delay to which passengers were unavoidably subjected by the clumsy construction and tedious pace of their vehicle."

*"Melancholy Accident.*—As a beautiful and accomplished young lady of the name of Jimps, passenger in the Swift-as-thought locomotive, was endeavoring to catch a flying glimpse of the new Steam University, her breathing apparatus unfortunately slipped from her mouth, and she was a corpse in three-quarters of a second. A young gentleman who had been tenderly attached to her for several days, in the agony of his feelings withdrew his air-tube and called for help; he of course shared a similar fate. Too much praise cannot be given to the rest of the passengers, who, with inimitable presence of mind, promptly held their breathing-bladders to their mouths during the whole of this trying scene," etc., etc.

A Liverpool paper stated that "the stock for the grand Liverpool and Dublin tunnel under the Irish Channel, is nearly filled up." And a Glasgow one advocated the necessity of a floating wooden railroad between Scotland and the Isle of Man, in order to do away with the tiresome steamboat navigation. I took up a volume of poems, but the similes and metaphors were all steam; all their ideas of strength, and power, and swiftness, referred to steam only, and a sluggish man was compared to

a greyhound. I looked into a modern dictionary for some light on these subjects, but got none, except finding hundreds of curious definitions, such as these:

*"Horse, s.* an animal of which but little is now known. Old writers affirm that there were at one time several thousands in this country."

*"Tree, s.* vegetable production; once plentiful in these parts, and still to be found in remote districts."

*"Tranquillity, s.* obsolete; an unnatural state of existence, to which the ancients were very partial. The word is to be met with in several old authors," etc.

In despair, I threw down the book and rushed out of the house. It was mid-day, but a large theatre was open, and the people were pouring in. I entered with the rest, and found that whatever changes had taken place, money was still money. They were playing *Hamlet* by steam, and this was better than any other purpose to which I had seen it applied. The automata really got along wonderfully well, their speaking faculties being arranged upon the barrel-organ principle, greatly improved, and they roared, and bellowed, and strutted, and swung their arms to and fro as sensibly as many admired actors. Unfortunately in the grave-scene, owing to some mechanical misconception, Hamlet exploded, and in doing so, entirely demolished one of the grave-diggers, carried away a great part of Laertes, and so injured the rest of the dramatic personæ, that they went off one after the other like so many crackers, filling the house with heated vapor. I made my escape; but on reaching the street, things were ten times worse than ever. It was the hour for stopping and starting the several carriages, and no language can describe the state of the atmosphere. Steam was generating and evaporating on all sides—the bright sun was obscured—the people looked parboiled, and the neighboring fisherman's lobsters changed color on the instant; even the steam inhabitants appeared uncomfortably hot. I could scarcely breathe—there was a blowing, a roaring, a hissing, a fizzing, a whizzing going on all around—fires were blazing, water was bubbling, boilers were bursting—when lo! I suddenly awoke, and found myself in a state of profuse perspiration. I started up, ran to the window, and saw several milkmen and bakers' carts, with horses in them, trotting merrily along. I was a thankful man. I put on my clothes, and while doing so, made up my mind to read no manuscript poems, and eschew gin and water for the time to come.

## A REVERIE ABOUT OYSTERS.

BY WILLIAM COX. 1833.

Man has been styled a speaking animal, a laughing animal, a bargaining animal, and a drunken animal, in contradistinction to all other animals, who neither speak, nor laugh, nor bargain, nor get drunk; but a cooking animal seems after all to be his most characteristic and distinguishing appellation. In the important art of cooking victuals he shines pre-eminent; here he taxes all his faculties, racks his invention, and gives unbounded range to his imagination. Nature has given to every other animal a peculiar taste, and furnished three or four

kinds of food to suit that taste; but this sense in man accommodates itself to an innumerable quantity of materials. He has made copious selections from all things that dwell upon the face of the globe—from the birds of the air, from the fish of the sea, from the inhabitants of lake and river, yea, from the bowels of the earth has he extracted substances to minister to his palate, and the whole mineral and vegetable world has been ransacked with indefatigable industry for its gratification. Thousands of his species pass their lives in dreary

mines, to send forth the simple but indispensable salt with which he seasons his viands; while others fit out frail vessels, and amid storm and tempest, traverse the wilderness of waters for certain spices that add piquancy to a favorite dish! But after he has collected all the products of the world together, that is only the commencement—the preliminary mustering of his forces. What are all these materials collectively, to the innumerable, the inconceivable quantity of dishes which he manufactures from them by skilful combinations or incongruous mixtures?—Twelve figures can be set down in thousands of different ways, and no two alike; then out of those millions of primitive substances, what countless quintillions of dishes can he not compound! whilst every day new secrets are brought to light and added to the limitless list of gastronomic discoveries.

The ancients knew something as regarded these matters; but still they seemed to have studied expense and vanity more than real gratification. There are few that have not heard of the extravagances of a Heliogabalus; his brains of flamingos, his tongues of nightingales, and his heads of ostriches, six hundred of which were served up in a single dish, and for which single dish the deserts of Arabia must have been scoured and desolated—but there is no ingenuity in this, nothing remarkable, save its monstrous folly. At a later period, the art took a more complex form. In 1577, the abstemious cardinal, Ascanius Colonna, gave an entertainment to the prince of Nassau, when the following unique *olla podrida* was produced, which was looked upon as one of the greatest achievements of the times, and was so admired and lauded by all who partook of it, that a certain holy father present at the feast, composed a Latin ode upon it, and handed the receipt down to an ungrateful posterity, who refuse to avail themselves of this *chef d'œuvre* in the annals of cookery. The ingredients were, "ten pounds of beef, three pounds of a pig, six wood-pigeons, one pound of truffles, six thrushes, one capon, three pounds of turnips, six handfuls of green fennel-seed, two pounds of sausages composed of curious materials, one pound of pepper, six onions, twelve larks, three lobsters, seven lampreys, four choice cardoons (a vegetable resembling celery), two heads of Bologna cabbage, three pounds of tallow, spices, salt, sugar, and other seasonings." How stomachs were constructed in those days it is not stated.

The United States possess an advantage over all the nations of the earth in two things highly conducive to human happiness—oysters and peaches. Men may disagree about forms of government, or the fine arts, or the relative merits of poets, painters, and actors; and whether they are right or wrong, may be perfectly sincere and well-meaning in their opinions; but whoever denies the complete supremacy of the oysters and peaches of that part of the world, must be given over as incurably infected with prejudice and perverseness. The peaches of England are nothing, and the oysters, generally speaking, no more to be compared to ours, than a crab-apple to a pippin; though there ought to be an especial reservation made in favor of what is called the "Colchester native," the flavor of which must dwell in the grateful remembrance of all who have had the good fortune to taste them; they are uncommonly sweet, but small—a very choice oyster for ladies; but when taken into a tolerably capa-

cious mouth, do not touch the palate at every point—there is still something wanting, and you do not experience that unalloyed gratification, that fulness of delight which is the necessary consequence of swallowing a large, fresh, fat, York bay oyster. So extremely grateful are the latter to all who truly appreciate their estimable qualities, that every additional one only creates a keener desire for its successor,

As if increase of appetite had grown,  
By what it fed on,

until the stomach signifies its incapacity to receive a farther supply of the luscious and delectable food.



Man is naturally a self-opinionated contrary animal, and feels a natural inclination to disagree with his species on all earthly questions; but still he divides into parties, and subdivides into factions, and it is possible to find half a dozen people who have the same views in politics, religion, and literature; but perhaps no two were ever formed since the creation with exactly the same tenets respecting the stomach. They may hold on together for some time, and confess that they both like boiled salmon or roast ducks; but let them speak upon the subject of eating for a quarter of an hour, and a hundred minute but important differences of taste discover themselves. Indeed, two men alike in this respect would be a much greater rarity than the two Dromios. There are few points on which there is a more unanimous opinion entertained than on oysters. All agree as to their virtues in the first instance; but whether they are best, raw, or stewed, or fried, or broiled, or pickled, is the subject of endless cavillings and interminable harangues. The longest dispute I ever listened to, was whether it was best to devour these creatures with black pepper or red; and such was the earnestness of the disputants, that the man employed in opening them, making a mistake, kept helping the red pepper advocate with black, and



the black pepper zealot with red; and to the infinite amusement of the lookers-on, neither found out the difference until they were told, when both instantly declared they thought the oysters had a very peculiar taste! just as newspapers or politicians will nowadays commence a fiery dispute concerning democratic and aristocratic parties, or the powers of the general and local governments, until they unconsciously change sides in the course of the argument, without being anything the wiser; and just so trivial and undistinguishable are half the disputes into which we poor brainless bipeds plunge with such uncontrollable fury, to the infinite amusement of all calm and dispassionate spectators. But it will not do to go on grounding general reflections on an oyster. It was made for better things than to be a theme from which to extract a questionable moral. I would if I could be eloquent in thy praise, thou best and gravest of fish—thou most nutritious and digestible of moluscous substances—thou stanchest friend and steadiest supporter of Afric's trampled sons, for whom thou daily effectest more than Wilberforce can ever hope to compass. Much do I regret that the insatiable appetites of the citizens are robbing their bay of its greatest boast; like the boy who killed the goose for the golden eggs, they are not content with the yearly produce of thy fruitful beds, but they leave them oysterless, seize on both interest and principal, and expect a miracle to provide for the future. It is easy to foresee the ruinous consequences of such atrocious conduct—but it is not in common prose that thy merits and sufferings should be commemorated. I will take my harp, and sweep its softest strings.

### THOUGHTS ON A NEWLY-OPENED OYSTER.

With feelings strange and undefined, I gaze upon thy face,  
Thou choice and juicy specimen of an ill-fated race;  
How calmly, yea, how meekly thou reclinest in thy shell,  
Yet what thy woes and sufferings are man may conjecture well!

For thou hast life as well as he who recklessly seeks thine,  
And, couldst thou speak, might draw forth tears as briny as thy brine;  
For thou wast torn from friends and home, and all thy heart could wish,  
Thou hapless, helpless, innocent, mute, persecuted fish.

Perhaps thou wast but newly joined to some soft, plump, young bride,  
Who op'd her mouth for food with thee when flow'd the flowing tide;\*  
Perhaps thou hast a family, from whom thou hast been torn,  
Who sadly wait for him, alas, who never will return!

\* Oysters taken from the river and kept in fresh water, open their mouths at the time of the flowing of the tide, in expectation of their accustomed food.—Dr. KITCHENER.

Thou wast happy on thy native bed, where blithesome billows play,  
Till the cruel fisher wrench'd thee from thy "home, sweet, home," away;  
He stow'd thee in his coble, and he rode thee to the strand—  
Thou wast bought and sold and opened, and plac'd in this right hand!

I know that while I moralize thy flavor fades away.  
I know thou shouldst be ate alive,\* before thy sweets decay!  
I know that it is foolishness, this weak delay of mine,  
And epicures may laugh at it as sentimental whine.

Well, let them laugh, I still will drop a tear o'er thy sad fate,  
Thou wretch'd and ill-fated one! thou sad and desolate!  
O'er thee and o'er thy kindred hangs one all-consuming doom,  
To die a slow and lingering death, or living find a tomb!

Like the Indian from the forest—like the roebuck from the glen,  
Thy race is dwindling silently before the arts of men;  
Ye are passing from the river, from the sea-bank and the shore,  
And the haunts that long have known ye, shall know ye soon no more.

The Blue-point and the Shrewsbury † are vanishing away,  
And clamless soon will be our streams, and oysterless our bay;  
Rapacious man, before your prime, ordains that ye shall die,  
And drags ye from your cool retreats to boil and stew and fry!

Why were ye made so racy, rich, and luscious to the taste?  
'Tis that has stripped your thickest banks, and made your beds a waste;  
"Your virtues have proved sanctified and holy traitors to ye,"  
And that which was your proudest boast, has served but to undo ye!

Ee'n I, the friend of all thy kind, when I think of what thou art,  
When I ponder o'er the melting joys thy swallowing will impart,  
Can delay thy fate no longer; one look, it is my last!  
A gulp—one more—a silent pause—a sigh—and all is past!

\* Those who wish to enjoy this most delicious restorative in the utmost perfection, must eat it the moment it is opened with its own gravy in the under shell; if not eaten while absolutely alive, its flavor and spirit are lost.—Dr. KITCHENER.

† Two famous species, found adjacent to New York, now nearly extinct.

At a feast of animals, who sits at the head of the table? The cow,—because she *calves*.

A TOAST AT A PUBLIC DINNER IN CONNECTICUT.—  
"The Nutmeg State: where shall we find a *grater*?"



## GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE "AT HOME."

FROM "HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE." BY WILLIAM DUNLAP. 1833.

SEATED in the captain's cabin, and freed from all annoyance, Mathews (Charles, the great mimic) became, as usual, the fiddle of the company; and story, anecdote, imitation, and song poured from him with the rapidity and brilliancy of the stars which burst from a rocket on a rejoicing night. To make himself still more agreeable to the senior, he introduced the memoirs of George Frederick, with that flattery which is delicious to all men, and peculiarly so to an author. "The story of Cooke and Mrs. Burns," he added, "you have told remarkably well, and when I have introduced it in my *Youthful Days*, I have always taken your words; but Tom Cooper, from whom, as I understand, you had it, forgot the termination of the story,—the real *denouement*,—which makes it infinitely more dramatic."

All joined in the request that Mathews would tell the story in his own way; and he, nothing loath, began:—

"I was a raw recruit in the Thespian corps, and it was my first campaign in Dublin. Chance made me a fellow-lodger with Cooke, at the house of Mistress Burns. I had looked at the great actor with an awful reverence, but had not yet been honored by any notice from him.

"In getting up Macklin's *Love à la Mode*, I had been cast for Beau Mordecai, and assuredly a more unfit representative of the *little Jew* can scarcely be imagined. As tall as I now am, I had then all the raw-boned awkwardness of a *hobbledehoy*, and no knowledge of the world or of the stage. But Mr. Cooke must be shown to the Dublin public as Sir Archy, and there was no other Mordecai to be had. I was, however, perfect in the words; and if I murdered the Jew, I did it impartially; I murdered him 'every inch.'

"After the farce, I *tarried*, as you Yankees say, a considerable time at the theatre, rather choosing to linger among the almost expiring dipped candles of the dressing rooms, than to seek, through mist and mud, my lofty but comfortless abode in Mrs. Burns' garret; but the property-man gave me my cue to depart, by putting out the lights; and I was slowly mounting to my bed, when, as I passed the room of the great man, I saw him (the door being open) sitting with a jug before him, indulging after the labors of the evening. I was stealing by, and had already one foot on the flight of stairs which led to my exalted apartment, when I was arrested by a loud, high-pitched voice, crying, 'Come hither, young man.' I could scarcely believe my senses; I hesitated. 'Come in,' was repeated. I advanced. 'Shut the door, and sit down.' I obeyed. He assumed an air of courtesy, and calling upon Mistress Burns for another tumbler, filled for himself and me. 'You will be so kind, my good Mistress Burns, as to bring another pitcher of whiskey punch, in honor of our young friend.' 'To be sure and I will, Mr. Cooke.' The punch was brought, and a hot supper, an unusual luxury then to me. After supper, the veteran, quite refreshed and at ease, chatted incessantly of plays and players,—lashing some, commending others,—while I, delighted to be thus honored, listened and laughed; thus playing, naturally and sincerely, the part of a most agree-

able companion. After the third jug of punch, I was sufficiently inspired to ask a few questions, and even to praise the acting of the veteran.

"To use your own words, as I have often before done," said Mathews, addressing himself to the biographer, 'one jug of whiskey-punch followed the other,' and Cooke began to advise his young companion how to conduct himself on the real and on the mimic scene of life. 'You are young, and want a friend to guide you. Talent you have; but talent without prudence is worthless, and may be pernicious. Take my word for it, there is nothing can place a man at the head of his profession but industry and sobriety. Mistress Burns!—shun ebriety as you would shun destruction. Mistress Burns! another jug of whiskey-punch, Mistress Burns.'

"Oh, Mister Cooke—'

"You make it so good, Mistress Burns; another jug.'

"Yes, Mister Cooke.'

"In our profession, my young friend, dissipation is the bane of hundreds; villainous company—low company leads to drinking, and the precious time is lost which should have been employed in gaining that knowledge which alone can make men respectable. Ah! thank you, Mistress Burns: this has the true Hibernian smack!'

"You may say that, Mister Cooke."

It is needless to remind the reader that with the aid of Mathews's powers of imitation, sometimes called ventriloquism in this humbugging world, all this and much more would be extremely pleasant, and the more especially as the company had repeated supplies of the same inspiring beverage from the steward, and almost as good, certainly as strong, as that of Mistress Burns.

Mathews went on to describe the progress of Cooke's intoxication, during which his protests against drunkenness became stronger with each glass. He then undertook to instruct the tyro in the histrionic art, and especially in the manner of exhibiting the passions. Here it would be vain to endeavor to follow Mathews: Cooke's grimaces and voice,—while his physical powers, under the government of whiskey, rebelled at every effort against the intention of the lecturer,—were depicted by the mimic in a manner beyond the conception of even those who have seen the public exhibition of his talents. Here all was unrestrained gig and fun, and the painting truly *con amore*, and glowing from heart and glass.

"It must be remembered," continued Mr. Mathews, "that I was but a boy, and Cooke in the full vigor of manhood, with strength of limb and voice Herculean. I had the highest reverence for his talents, and literally stood in awe of him; so that when he made his horrible faces, and called upon me to name the passion he had depicted, I was truly frightened,—overwhelmed with the dread of offending him, and utterly at a loss to distinguish one grimace from another, except as one was *more* and another *most* savage and disgusting.

"Now, sir—observe—what's that?'

"Revenge—'

"Revenge, you booby! Pity! pity!'

"Then after making another hideous contortion of countenance, he cries,

"What is that, sir?"

"Very fine, sir; very fine, indeed."

"But *what* is it, sir?"

"Forced to answer, and utterly unable to guess the meaning of the distorted face which he then again thrust before me, I stammered out,

"Anger, sir."

"Anger!"

"Yes, sir; anger to be sure."

"To be sure you are a blockhead! Look again, sir, look again. 'It's fear, sir—fear. You play! you a player!'"

Mathews then exhibited the face of Cooke, as he distorted it to express the tender passion,—a composition of Satanic malignity and the brutal learing of a drunken satiro,—and imitating Cooke's discordant voice, cried,

"There, sir; that's love."

"This," continued Mathews, "was more than I could bear; even my fears could not restrain my laughter; I roared." He stared at first, but immediately assuming a most furious aspect, he cried, "What do you laugh at, sir? Is George Frederick Cooke to be made a laughing-stock for a booby? What, sir?"

"Luckily, at that moment Mrs. Burns stood with the door partly opened, and another jug in her

hands. 'You must pardon me, sir,' I said with a quickness which must have been the inspiration of whiskey, 'but you happened to turn your soft and languishing look towards the door just as Mrs. Burns opened it, and I could not but think of the dangerous effect of such a look upon her sex's softness.'

"He laughed, and embracing the jug as the good woman put it down, he looked at Mrs. Burns, and with some humor endeavored to sing, *How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away*, but with a voice which defies art and nature for a comparison.

"Mrs. Burns now protested against any more punch; but, after some time, agreed upon Cooke's solemn promise to be satisfied with one more jug, to bring it.

"But remember your honor, Mister Cooke; and *that* is the jewel of a gentleman, and sure you have pledged it to me, you have.'

"I have, my good Mistress Burns; and it is the immediate jewel of the soul, as you say."

"I said no such thing; but I'll be as good as my word, and one more jug you shall have, and the devil a bit more, jewel or no jewel!"

"I was heartily tired by this time, and placed my hope on Mrs. Burns' resolution. The last jug came, and was finished, and I wished him good night."

"Not yet, my dear boy."

"It's very late, sir."

"Early, early; one jug more."

"Mrs. Burns will not let us have it, sir."

"She will not! I'll show you that presently!"

Then followed a fine specimen of imitation; Mathews, as Cooke, calling upon Mrs. Burns (who was in the room below, and in bed,) and then giving her answers, as coming up through the floor, in the manner called ventriloquism.

"Mistress Burns! Do you hear, Mistress Burns?"

"Indeed *and* I do, Mister Cooke."

"Bring me another jug of whiskey-punch, Mistress Burns!"

"Indeed *and* I won't, Mister Cooke."

"You won't?"

"Indeed and indeed *so* I won't."

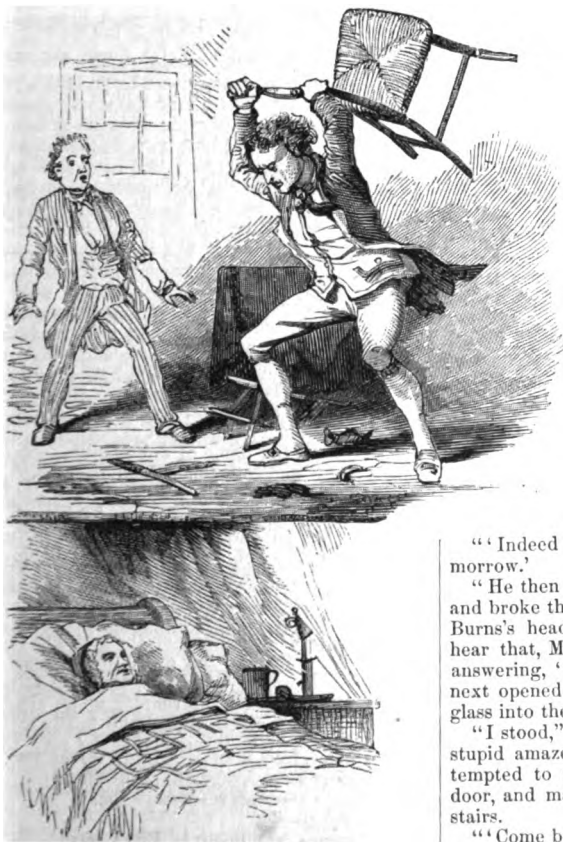
"Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?" (smashing the jug on the floor.)

"Indeed *and* I do, and you'll be sorry for it to-morrow."

"He then regularly took the chairs, one by one, and broke them on the floor immediately over Mrs. Burns's head, after every crash crying, 'Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?' and she as regularly answering, 'Indeed *and* I do, Mister Cooke.' He next opened the window, and threw the looking-glass into the street.

"I stood," continued Mathews, "in a state of stupid amazement during this scene, but now attempted to make my escape, edging towards the door, and making a long stride to gain the garret stairs."

"Come back, sir. Where are you going?"



"To bed, sir."

"To bed, sir! What, sir! desert me! I command you to remain, on your allegiance! Desert me in time of war! Traitor!"

"I now determined to make resistance; and feeling pot-valiant, looked big, and boldly answered,

"I will *not* be commanded! I will go to bed!"

"Aha!" cried the madman, in his highest key, 'Aha! do you rebel? Caitiff! wretch! murderer!'

"He advanced upon me, and I shrank to nothing before his flashing eye. 'Murderer!' and he seized me by the collar with Herculean grip. 'You will go! I will send you to the place you are fittest for! Murderer, I'll drag you to your doom! I'll give you up to Fate! Come along, caitiff!' and he dragged me to the open window, vociferating 'Watch! watch! murder! murder!' in his highest and loudest key.

"Immediately the rattles were heard approaching in all directions, and a crowd instantly collected. He continued vociferating, 'Watch! watch! murder!' until the rattles and exclamations of

the watchmen almost drowned his stentorian voice.

"What's the matter? Who's kilt? Who's murdered? Where's the murderer?"

"Silence!" screamed Cooke; 'hear me.' All became hushed. Then holding me up to the window, the raving tragedian audibly addressed the crowd: 'In the name of Charles Macklin, I charge this culprit Charles Mathews with the most foul, cruel, deliberate, and unnatural murder of the unfortunate Jew, Beau Mordecai, in the farce of *Love à la Mode*.' Then pulling down the window, he cried, 'Now go to bed, you booby! go to bed! go to bed!'"

The steamboat party remained together until near morning, and then retired to rest. Let it not be supposed that they imitated the folly of the hero of the above tale because whiskey-punch has been mentioned. The evening, or night, was one of real interchange of mind, heightened by the peculiar powers and habits of the very extraordinary histrionic artist who gave this instance of Cooke's eccentric and pernicious propensities.

## THE HISTORY OF PETER FUNK.

FROM "THE PERILS OF PEARL STREET." BY ASA GREENE. 1834.

SPEAKING of Peter Funk, I must give a short history of that distinguished personage. When, or where, he was born, I cannot pretend to say. Neither do I know who were his parents, or what was his bringing up. He might have been the child of thirty-six fathers for aught I know; and instead of being brought up, have, as the vulgar saying is, come up himself.

One thing is certain, he has been known among merchants time out of mind; and though he is despised and hated by some, he is much employed and cherished by others. He is a little, bustling, active, smiling, bowing, scraping, quizzical fellow, in a powdered wig, London brown coat, drab kerseymer breeches, and black silk stockings.

This is the standing portrait of Peter Funk—if a being, who changes his figure every day, every hour, and perhaps every minute, may be said to have any sort of fixed or regular form. The truth is, Peter Funk is a very Proteus: and those, who behold him in one shape to-day, may, if they will watch his transformations, behold him in a hundred different forms on the morrow. Indeed there is no calculating, from his present appearance, in what shape he will be likely to figure next. He changes at will, to suit the wishes of his employers.

His mind is as flexible as his person. He has no scruples of conscience. He is ready to be employed in all manner of deceit and devilry; and he cares not who his employers are, if they only give him plenty of business. In short, he is the most active, industrious, accommodating, dishonest, unprincipled, convenient little varlet that ever lived.

Besides all the various qualities I have mentioned, Peter Funk seems to be endowed with ubiquity—or at least with the faculty of being present in more places than one at the same time. If it were not so, how could he serve so many masters at once? How could he be seen, in one part of Pearl street buying goods at auction; in another part, standing at the door with a quill behind each ear; and in a third, figuring in the shape of a box of goods, or

cooped up on the shelf, making a show of merchandise where all was emptiness behind?

With this account of Peter Funk, my readers have, perhaps, by this time, gathered some idea of his character. If not, I must inform them that he is the very imp of deception; that his sole occupation is to deceive; and that he is only employed for that purpose. Indeed, such being his known character in the mercantile community, his name is sometimes used figuratively to signify any thing which is employed for the purpose of deception—or as the sharp ones say, to gull the flats.

Such being the various and accommodating character of Peter Funk, it is not at all surprising that his services should be in great demand. Accordingly he is very much employed in Pearl street—sometimes under one name and sometimes under another—for I should have mentioned, as a part of his character, that he is exceedingly apt to change names, and has as many *aliases* as the most expert rogue in bridewell or the Court of Sessions. Sometimes he takes the name of John Smith, sometimes James Smith, and sometimes simply Mr. Smith. At other times he is called Roger Brown, Simon White, Bob Johnson, or Tommy Thompson. In short, he has an endless variety of names, under which he passes before the world for so many different persons. The initiated only know, and every body else is gulled.

Peter Funk is a great hand at auctions. He is constantly present, bidding up the goods as though he was determined to buy every thing before him. He is well known for bidding higher than anybody else; or, at all events, for running up an article to the very highest notch, though he finally lets the opposing bidder take it, merely, as he says, to accommodate him—or, not particularly wanting the article himself, he professes to have bid upon it solely because he thought it a great pity so fine a piece of goods should go so very far beneath its value.

It is no uncommon thing to see the little fellow

attending an auction, in his powdered wig, his brown coat, his drab kerseys, as fat as a pig, as sleek as a mole, and smiling with the most happy countenance, as if he were about to make his fortune. It is no uncommon thing, to see him standing



near the auctioneer, and exclaiming, as he keeps bobbing his head in token of bidding, "a superb piece of goods! a fine piece of goods! great pity it should go so cheap—I don't want it, but I'll give another twenty-five cents, rather than that it should go for nothing." The opposite bidder is probably some novice from the country—some honest Johnny Raw, who is shrewd enough in what he understands, but has never in his life heard of Peter Funk. Seeing so very knowing and respectable a looking man, bidding upon the piece of goods and praising it up at every nod, he naturally thinks it must be a great bargain, and he is determined to have it, let it cost what it will. The result is, that he gives fifty per cent. more for the article than it is worth; and the auctioneer and Peter Funk are ready to burst with laughter at the prodigious gull they have made of the poor countryman.

By thus running up goods, Peter is of great service to the auctioneers, though he never pays them a cent of money. Indeed, it is not his intention to purchase, nor is it that of the auctioneer that he should. Goods nevertheless are frequently struck off to him; and then the salesman cries out the name of Mr. Smith, Mr. Johnson, or some other among the hundred aliases of Peter Funk, as the purchaser. But the goods, on such occasions, are always taken back by the auctioneer, agreeably to a secret understanding between him and Peter.

In a word, Peter Funk is the great *under-bidder* at all the auctions, and might with no little propriety be styled the *under-bidder* general. But this sort of characters are both unlawful and unpopular—not to say odious—and hence it becomes necessary for Peter Funk, *alias* the under-bidder, to have so many aliases to his name, in order that he may not be detected in the underhanded practice of under-bidding.

To avoid detection, however, he sometimes resorts to other tricks, among which, one is to act the part of a ventriloquist, and appear to be several different persons, bidding in different places. He has the knack of changing his voice at will, and

counterfeiting that of sundry well-known persons; so that goods are sometimes knocked off to gentlemen who have never opened their mouths.

But a very common trick of Peter's is, to conceal himself in the cellar, from whence, through a convenient hole near the auctioneer, his voice is heard bidding for goods; and nobody, but those in the secret, know from whence the sound proceeds. This is acting the part of Peter Funk in the cellar.

But Peter, for the most part, is fond of being seen in some shape or other; and it matters little what, so that he can aid his employers in carrying on a system of deception. He will figure in the shape of a box, bale, or package of goods; he will appear in twenty different places, at the same time, on the shelf of a jobber—sometimes representing a specimen of English, French, or other goods—but being a mere shadow, and nothing else—a phantasma—a show without the substance. In this manner it was, that he often figured in the service of Smirk, Quirk and Co.; and while people were astonished at the prodigious quantity of goods they had in their store, two-thirds at least of the show was owing to Peter Funk.

Though we excluded Peter Funk entirely from our own premises and employ, it was our misfortune frequently to come in contact with him, while in the employ of others—particularly at the auction-rooms. As though he had set up a determined rivalry against us, he seemed resolved to be our antagonist in the purchase of every article of goods—at least, until we had bid considerably more than it was worth; when the unconscionable scoundrel would say, "I must let you take it, I believe—I can't afford to give any more;" and then he and the auctioneer, giving each other a knowing wink, would laugh in their sleeves.

As the purchasing partner of our concern, it frequently happened to me to meet this imp of deception. I could no sooner fix my eye on a tolerable piece of goods, and say to myself, bidders are not numerous to-day—I shall get a bargain; than up would step Peter Funk, and begin to bid against me. Sometimes, when the article had been under the hammer for a considerable time, the price still continuing very low, and the auctioneer crying out, "I can't dwell, gentlemen—I can't dwell—it must go," seemed on the very point of knocking it down to me; Peter Funk all at once would rise, as it were out of the cellar, and commence bidding; and so all my hopes of a bargain would at once be blown to the moon.

I recollect, one day, when I was bidding upon some very fine broadcloth; buyers were few, bids were feeble, and I seemed to be on the very point of getting it for the low price of twenty shillings per yard. The auctioneer kept bawling, and stamping, and hammering away—"Twenty shillings, once! twenty shillings, twice! twenty shillings, three!"

Now, thinks I to myself, I've got the start of Peter Funk. He's not here to-day. I'll have the goods at my own price. "Come, strike them off," said I to the auctioneer; "there's no use in dwelling so long."

"Twenty shillings, three"—the auctioneer had got his hammer raised, apparently just ready to strike: when suddenly glancing about, he cried, "Twenty-one!—do I hear it?"

"Ay, I'll give twenty-one," said a voice, which,

though it sounded strangely, I suspected to be no other than that of Peter Funk.

"There's that imp of mischief again," said I to myself; "however, he shall not have the goods so cheap as that comes to;" and so I cried out, "Twenty-two!"

"Twenty-three!" said the voice.

"Twenty-four!" said I.

"Twenty-five!" said the voice.

"Twenty-six," said I.

"Twenty-seven!" cried the voice.

"Twenty-eight!" exclaimed I.

"Twenty-nine!" shouted the voice.

"Thirty!" added I. For my part, I had now gone as far as I intended; not but that the cloth was really worth more money: but I resolved to stop there, partly because I knew by experience that there was little use in bidding against Peter, and partly that I might have an opportunity of knowing what my antagonist was made of, and, if I chose, dispute the purchase with him.

"Thirty-one!" said the voice; and dwelling for some time, the auctioneer cried, "Thirty-one shillings, three times! John Smith, thirty-one shillings—takes the whole lot."

"Who takes the whole lot?" said I.

"John Smith," said the auctioneer.

"I doubt it very much," said I.

"You doubt it," returned the auctioneer, beginning to grow red with passion. "My word is not to be doubted by any man; and I say the goods are struck off to John Smith."

"*Alias* Peter Funk," said I, looking sharply in the face of the auctioneer, who began to look blank, and hardly knew which way to turn. "And now," continued I, "let this Peter Funk, *alias* John Smith, *alias* Tom Jones, or any other *alias* you please, come forward and show his face. I wish to see who the buyer is."

"I've already told you," said the auctioneer. "If you doubt my word—"

"And I've already told you I doubted it," said I.

"Come, gentlemen," said he, "let us go on with the sale—here's another sample of—"

"No, no!" exclaimed twenty voices—"let us first see who John Smith is, *alias* Peter Funk."

The poor auctioneer now began to be in trouble. He had not been careful to provide a visible substitute; and he now began to look imploringly about for some one to step forward, as John Smith the purchaser. I could perceive, that he every now and then glanced his eyes furtively at a certain large box, which stood near him.

"What have you in that box," said I, "Mr. Knock?" for that was the name of the auctioneer.

"What have I? Why goods to be sure."

"I didn't know but it might be John Smith, *alias* Peter Funk."

"I'll bet a dollar it is," said one of the crowd.

"I'll go you halves," said another; and they seemed to be making their way towards the box, as if to examine its contents.

"Come, don't let us waste time, gentlemen," said the auctioneer; "I certainly thought I heard Mr. Smith's voice; but it seems I was mistaken, and of course the goods belong to Mr. Hazard, as the highest bidder." Then looking towards the clerk, he said, "Mr. Hazard, thirty shillings."

I was content with my purchase; and though I shrewdly suspected that Peter Funk—the villain who had made me pay ten shillings per yard more for the goods than I should otherwise have got them for—was concealed in the large box, I had no design to trouble myself with the rascal, or further expose the auctioneer. Not so, however, with others who were present—particularly a number of stout countrymen, who were determined to see what sort of a fellow Peter Funk was.

"Come, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, looking uneasily at the suspicious box, "here's another fine specimen of broadcloth—much superior to the last—what's bid? Any thing you please. Is three dollars bid? Is twenty shillings bid? Any thing you please. Two dollars—does any body say two dollars?"

"No," said one of the countrymen, "let us see Peter Funk."

"Yes," said another, "let us see Peter Funk—let us know what kind of a looking fellow he is."

With that, a number of them, pressing forward to the box, tore off the cover, and up rose the very fellow they were looking for—the identical Peter Funk. He looked prodigiously foolish to be so caught; and at first, hardly knew which way to turn himself. But pretty soon recovering all his native impudence, he tapped his snuff-box with an air of defiance, took a large pinch, and was about returning it to his breeches pocket, when one of his persecutors, snatching the box out of his hand, discharged the contents in the little fellow's eyes. This was only the signal for further mischief. They now pulled him out of his hiding-place, blinded as he was with snuff, and hoisting him over their heads, they passed him on to their next neighbors, and they to their next, and so on, *a la Tammany Hall*, until he was finally landed in the middle of the street.

Poor Peter Funk! he picked himself up, rubbed the snuff out of his eyes, brushed the dirt from his unmentionables, and disappeared amidst the shouts and hootings of the boys; and so much was he mortified by his sad pickle, or so much were his eyes inflamed by the snuff, that he did not show his face in an auction room for a whole fortnight afterwards.

TRIALS OF A SCHOOLMASTER.—Master. "Boys, Noah had three sons; Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Now, who was the father of Noah's three sons?" The boys of the third class pause, look dubious, but there is no reply. Master. "What! can't you tell? Let me illustrate. Here is Mr. Smith, our next neighbor, he has three sons, John, James, and Joseph Smith. Now, who is the father of John,

James, and Joseph Smith?" Boys, (all together, in eager and emulous strife),—"Mr. Smith." Master. "Certainly; that's correct. Well, let us turn to the first question; Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Now, who was the father of Noah's three sons?" Boys (unanimously, after a little hesitation),—"Mr. Smith!"

## ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE KNAPSACK OF THOMAS SINGULARITY.

FROM "NOVELLETES OF A TRAVELLER." BY HENRY JUNIUS NOTT. 1834.

TOMMY and myself had our occasional bickerings. One night, after a practising party, he told me that he had a bottle of Scotch whiskey and fresh lemons, and proposed that we should make some hot punch. For fear that we should be seen in our room, which had a window near the ground, we agreed to go into the printing-room, where we ran no risk of being disturbed. Tommy went to work, and prepared the beverage in a bowl that might hold about two quarts. While we were regaling ourselves he went out for a moment, and not more, for the punch was too good to be neglected. On his return, he accused me of having drunk an undue proportion out of the bowl, and having filled it up with hot water during his absence. Even when I assured him that he was mistaken, he reiterated the charge more vehemently than before.

"Will you not believe my word?" said I, getting rather warm.

"I'll believe my own senses in preference to anybody," replied he; "and eyes, mouth, and nose tell me in plain English that the punch has been watered."

As I thought this imputation on my veracity and honor was not to be borne, I gave him a pretty solid *clout* on the side of his head; he returned it with spirit, and we commenced a regular battle. While we were fighting round the room, I got hold of one of the balls used for inking the types, about the size, shape, and color of a negro's head: Tommy, seeing me thus armed, seized another, and our faces and clothes were as well blackened as a form just ready for striking off. In making a violent blow, my weapon flew from my hand, and looking around for something to supply its place, I caught up a bottle. My antagonist immediately dropped his ball, and cried out with upraised hands, frightened looks, and a doleful voice, "For mercy's sake, Jerry, don't break the whiskey bottle; it's more than half full."

The scene was so unexpected and ludicrous that my passion immediately fell, and Tommy at the same moment recovered his good-humor. "Well, Jerry," said he, "perhaps I'm wrong; but even if you did water the punch, I can forgive any man with such an irresistible temptation before him. Only I hate to have any thing that has such a villainous taste of water smuggled into me."

Many may wish to know whether the accusation made against me on this occasion was true or not. I really think that I did not water the punch, and if I did, it must have been through absence of mind from the confusion that the fumes of heated alcohol produce on the best-regulated temperaments. Even had I diluted the beverage, Tommy had no right to complain. I know he would have done the very same trick had I, for an instant, turned my back, and I feel confident that he had often done so before.

One morning four of us agreed to set out on a hunting expedition. We had passed the back of the college without encountering any game, when some one proposed crossing a marsh at the foot of the hill, and pushing on for the old fields beyond.

Singularity objected to the difficulty and almost impossibility of traversing a quagmire where we could only get along by stepping, and often jumping, on *tussocks*, which afforded but a narrow and insecure footing. He also faintly intimated there might be snakes, which in fact I readily saw was his only fear. The majority, however, resolved to bulge through. Tommy yielded a most reluctant assent, on one of the young men's agreeing to take his gun over, as he declared he would not undertake it otherwise. He was somewhat under the influence of liquor, or I am sure he would never have consented. I wished to see how the others succeeded, and therefore waited the last, my friend only excepted. By cautious stepping and an occasional spring, the advance got on pretty well through the bog and bushes, and at length we ascertained from their shouts that they were fairly over. Tommy and myself proceeded more cautiously. I had nearly accomplished my journey over, when, making too short a leap, I sank up to my chest in a soft adhesive mud. A few struggles to disengage myself only plunged me a little deeper. Tommy, who was not far from me, burst into a most immoderate fit of laughter, and had I been within striking distance, I could willingly have knocked his teeth down his throat. I told him his merriment was ill-timed, but that when he had helped me out, he might laugh his fill. Instead of aiding me, he hallooed as loud as he could to our companions to come and enjoy the sight. Probably they did not hear him, for no one came. Meanwhile I most earnestly entreated him to lay aside his jesting, and assist me, as I was afraid of being smothered. It pleased him eventually to yield to my entreaties, and he was approaching me, when he suddenly sprang up and shouted, or rather yelled out, "Snake bit, snake



bit!" At the same time I beheld a sight that cougealed my blood with horror. Not more than ten yards from me lay, coiled for action, a rattlesnake of the most enormous size. His glittering eyes

were fixed on my friend; his mouth, from which quivered a forked tongue, hissed in the most venomous manner, while his tail, raised aloft, sounded the horrid rattle with a din that stupefied me. I saw that, should I be attacked, I had no probability of escaping. "I am a dead man," said Tommy; "for he has bitten me twice on the legs, and the poison will work before I can get to a doctor. But," said he, excited by rage and rum, "I'll not die unrevenged." He thereupon, after looking round, tried to break a small dead sapling which seemed of a suitable size for a pole. With much labor he wrenched it off, and rushed onwards with all the impetuosity of desperate passion. In his trepidation he not only struck beyond where he intended, but hit the ground with such violence, that the stick snapped in twain, and, yielding him no support, he pitched forwards at full length, and received, in the twinkling of an eye, another bite on the arm. The serpent never moved from his position, but after each attack again resumed his coil for battle. Doubly sure of death, Tommy now approached more carefully. With the fragment of stick which he retained in his hand, he aimed deliberately a most violent blow at the head of his enemy. The stick did not break this time, but his hand was brought near the ground, and the agile animal, shifting his position as quick as lightning, avoided the danger, and struck Singularity on the wrist. Glowing with anger, and stirred up to desperation, he drew out his knife and cut a cudgel that appeared sufficiently long and strong to ensure his purpose. Approaching cautiously, he reconnoitred the locality exactly, and was aiming a stroke with deadly certainty, when the ground on which his front foot was planted gave way, he sank into the bog, and fell so near the snake that he was bitten full on the cheek. Utterly astounded at this succession of mishaps, and exhausted by his exertions, Singularity desisted from the fight, and withdrew some steps. He hallooed again for our companions, who instantly answered, as in fact they were returning in search of us.

The serpent, no longer seeing an enemy in front, turned round as if to retreat. This movement brought him within a few feet of where I stood immovable in the mud. I quickly placed my gun almost touching him, and pulled trigger. No report followed. The priming had got wet. The horrible reptile was no sooner aware of my presence than he was thrown into coil. Again he hissed, his rattle sounded, and he was evidently in the very action of assailing me, when, rallying my strength, and raising my gun above my head, I struck him so forcibly that he dropped his head, stunned and disabled. Again he collected his forces and tried to advance, but was stopped by a second blow. From the yielding nature of the bog, my strokes could not have their full effect, and I was becoming more and more exhausted, as much from the intensity of my feelings as the physical exertion. I earnestly implored Singularity to come to my rescue; but he refused positively to venture near the snake again, as he said he felt himself dying. The power of defending myself, and even hope, was lost, when one of my companions came up running, and put an end to my enemy with a load of buckshot. I was speedily extricated from my disagreeable thralldom, and set on dry ground.

Before attending to me, Tommy had been laid under a shade-tree, and appeared to be in the last

agony. We deliberated whether it would be better to construct an extemporaneous palanquin, and bear him into town, or keep him quiet and send for a physician, when one of the young men, who had been examining the snake, cried out, "Hallo, Tom Singularity, get up and take a dram. Why, man, you are more scared than hurt. The snake has not a tooth in his head." And so the fact turned out. The animal, from age, had lost its fangs, and of course was perfectly harmless. As soon as certified of the truth, Tommy sprang on his feet, and after a swallow from the gin-flask of one of our friends, was himself again. Our joy was not of long duration; for the merciless rascals now commenced a round of jokes on my muddled clothes and Tommy's battle, not much to our comfort. The matter was quickly told in town, with embellishments certainly laughable enough to any but the sufferers.

\* \* \* \* \*

We intended proceeding to Washington, but stopping in Norfolk, and finding employment there in the office of the Norfolk Ledger, we agreed to remain. Our contract was for a year, and my friend went on for a month better than I ever knew him. He played none, drank little, and bragged less of his love adventures. There was only one mystery I could not well solve, nor do I to this day understand much about it. I can only relate from partial information and shrewd guesses. Every night he left me betimes, and did not return till morning. As most young men are averse to having their nocturnal rendezvous too closely watched, I put no questions to him. Some journeymen told me that they saw him frequently pass through a particular gate of a neighboring grocer.

One night, it seems, he went later than usual, and found the gate locked. By the aid of a loose plank which he picked up, he, as one might say in military phrase, escalated the fortress. Tripping along gaily through the yard, in all the happiness of hope that was not to be long deferred, he heard, a few paces behind, an explosion of loud and fierce barking. With a glance of the eye he saw, by the clear moonshine, not far from him, a huge bulldog, well known for his uncommon strength and fierceness. Where could he fly? How escape from a yard he had scaled? The furious animal pressed on with gaining velocity, and Tommy shouted aloud for aid. None came. With desperate energy he strained every nerve in flight; but every moment proclaimed the rapid approach of his enemy. Near the warehouse of the merchant stood a number of hogsheds. Tommy had sufficient presence of mind left to attempt gaining the top of one of them, not knowing whether they were empty or full. Half jumping, half clambering, he pitched headlong into an empty cask, scarcely remembering how he got there, but with rather a distinct remembrance of a snap on his leg from the dog, whose teeth left five or six distinct scratches. As soon as his composure was a little restored by a consciousness of present security, he began to be less satisfied than was Diogenes with his lodgment. He was in a molasses cask, just stripped of its sweets, but not so fully as not to leave enough to permeate his attire in unseemly splashes on every salient point of his angular body. He was not of course very well pleased with the thorough disarrangement of his toilet, but he was, according to the old saying, glad of any port in a storm. For a while the dog continued jumping round the narrow prison, and howl-



ing like a very wolf; at last he became quiet. Tommy, after remaining still for a considerable time, rose up gently, and peeped over to see if the coast was clear. No sooner was his head on a level with the top of the cask, than the dog began springing and barking as violently as ever.

Hour after hour did Tommy occasionally look out of his uncomfortable habitation, and every time would he find his pertinacious besieger lying at the foot of the cask, and would learn, by a low and sullen growl, that his motions were carefully watched. All his hope eventually was, that some of the negroes would pass that way. Even that hope left him, as he heard the town-clock strike twelve, then one, two, three, four. It was summer, but cool. The night was still and serene. The moon shone bright as day. The dew fell almost as thick as mist. Tommy was in a thin attire, suited to the sultry noon of the burning south, and he became chilled through. The night was at length passed, and day began to dawn. Again and again Singularity, now benumbed with cold and damp, looked forth cautiously to see if no deliverer was in sight or hailing. A little after sunrise, the gardener came out, and Singularity, calling to him, earnestly begged to be released. The man asked him loudly, if he came there to steal, and swore he would call his master. Poor Singularity, in agony, told the true state of the case, begging him, in mercy, not to cry so loud. The black, no doubt, easily understood the matter, but pretended not to believe one word, and threatened more obstreperously than before. The more effectual eloquence of money was tried. No sooner was this mentioned than the gardener's ferocity began to abate. A dollar was offered, then two, and after much bargaining, the terms were settled at five dollars, for the all-sufficient reason that Tom neither would nor could give more. But he might as well have spared his pockets; for the merchant and his clerks, just as the bargain was concluded, and the money paid, came into the yard, and beheld Tommy extricated from his durance vile.

I had commenced my work in the morning, when he entered in a thin red and white gingham suit, and chip hat, daubed with molasses from head to foot. To my inquiries he would make no reply, but said that he was sleepy, and had no time to talk. I accompanied him to his room, but he would not converse. Taking about half a tumbler full of brandy, he went to bed. In the course of a couple of hours, the story was public. The journeymen in our establishment were delighted, and went to his room to torment him. Finding that he could not be waked, they very cruelly blackened his face with tallow and soot.

Towards midday, he entered the printing-office, unconscious of what had happened, and was received by peals of laughter. Indeed it was a sight for comedy. He had put on another suit, but old and dirty; his knotted and combined locks were uncombed and well filled with feathers, and his eyes of a fiery redness, gleamed in his sooty visage like befires athwart a midnight sky. I do not know that I ever saw him in such a passion; but he knew not on whom to vent it. Notwithstanding my protestations, he seemed to think that I had been the principal hand in the matter, because I could not help joining heartily in the laugh. When he saddled me with the accusation, the journeymen, out of port, assured him that he had guessed right. I

entreated them to tell the truth, but to no purpose. They insisted on it, and finally thoroughly persuaded Tommy that I was the only aggressor.

The next week, Tom had made a wager with a friend; but about what I have now forgotten, and it had been agreed that the winner was to give a treat. Fortune favored Singularity. He told me he was going to do things in style, and begged me to help him make the preparations. I was so rejoiced to see him once more in a good humor, that I never worked with greater pleasure. In due time the company arrived. I was only surprised not to see Billy Spindler, the barber, as he was a great crony of Tom's, and lived exactly across the street. We had a neat supper in the parlor, in front of our bedroom, and a variety of liquors. Tom was renowned for making hot punch, which, of course, was not forgotten. With his own hands he placed a glass of it before each of us. I was about to take a particular tumbler, when he stopped me. "No," said he, "take this; you love it very sweet, and I have prepared one expressly for you." I did as bidden, and placed my portion on the table before me. A knock was heard at this moment at the door, and Tommy went to see who it was. The minute his back was turned, I exchanged my tumbler for his, as I saw he had chosen the largest for himself. Singularity, though generally pretty acute, was cheated for once. On returning, he swallowed his punch, without having discovered the exchange. Amid our merriment, he began to gape and yawn most awfully; and in spite of our talking, hallooing, and shaking, he went fast asleep on his chair, and snored aloud. Finding that we could not arouse him, we bore him into his room, undressed, and put him to bed. Lest he should wake, I placed a lamp on the window-sill; for every chair and table had been taken out of the room for the supper. We drank to the memory of the "departed Singularity" no less merrily than if he had been there. To make up our number, the barber now arrived, but so tipsy he took no notice of any of us, and soon fell asleep on his chair. What with jokes and songs, we kept it up till about day-break. About that time we sang the glee of "Scotland's burning," in voices to which abundant potations had given greater strength than melody. We were singing it the second time, and had got on till all the voices joined in the chorus, "Fire, fire, fire," which we sent forth with stentorian lungs in full harmony. While "Fire, fire, fire," was still sounding on our lips, "Where, for mercy's sake!" shouted a voice, while a spectre of appalling appearance burst into the room. We started up in a fright. Wrapped in a sheet, with staring eyes, and a head as bald as an onion, beseamed with several bloody gashes, stood a being who, in voice and features, resembled Singularity. The next moment we could no longer doubt it was he. But what had happened to him? Who had trimmed off his eyebrows and locks in this manner? Tom, who had had his nap out, but from whose head the fumes of the punch were not fully exhaled, seemed utterly perplexed. Our drunken friend, the barber, who had been awaked in the tumult, exclaimed, "Bless me, Mr. Singularity! was it your head I shaved?" I was a glass or two ahead, and beg your pardon." The whole matter was soon explained. Tommy had only deferred his revenge on me, to make it more sure. He had paid the barber to shave my head on the night of the supper, promising to stand between him and harm.

Tom was to put laudanum in my punch; and to give the signal for the barber, he was to place a lamp on the window when I should be stowed in bed. The exchange of the tumbler of punch had made the vengeance fall on Tommy's own head. For, the barber seeing the signal, and coming in by a back way, fuddled, he had proceeded to *barberize* Tom as just stated. This, I think, was the severest cut Singularity ever received, physically and figuratively; for his head, though not deeply gashed, was worked all over. He told me that he would have his satisfaction soon or late for the insult, and that though I had escaped once, I should get it with interest. My comrades, seeing that the matter might turn out seriously, soon convinced him of my innocence. We then all got round him, and persuaded him to take a drink, forgive, and forget.

It was not in his nature to be long without some love adventure on hand, nor did ill-success in one affair ever discourage him, as his mind was immediately engaged in another. He had made acquaintance with a Dutch farmer of the name of Geiermann Schmalbauch, a man of a very sufficient property. The farmer had been lately made major in the militia, and finding out that Tommy had a knowledge of tactics, applied to him for instruction.

"Come and spend next Sunday with me, Mr. Singularity," said he, "and I'll treat you to such watermelons as you never saw in all your travels." Tom consented willingly, expecting reasonably enough a good dinner for his visit. When he arrived, he not only found good cheer, but two good-looking daughters, full of life and humor. They treated him with so much kindness, that he flattered himself he had made a double conquest, and therefore tried to merit a second invitation. Accordingly he drilled his pupil through the manual exercise, till he could shoulder, present, ground, etc., with great satisfaction to himself. In spite of explanation, the old gentleman's head was in an utter whirl with wheeling, deploying, and echellons; for Tommy had mystified as much as possible.

"Ah! Mr. Singularity," sighed he in despair,

"I can work the exercise famously; but I am afraid them there other matters are too hard for a man at my time of life."

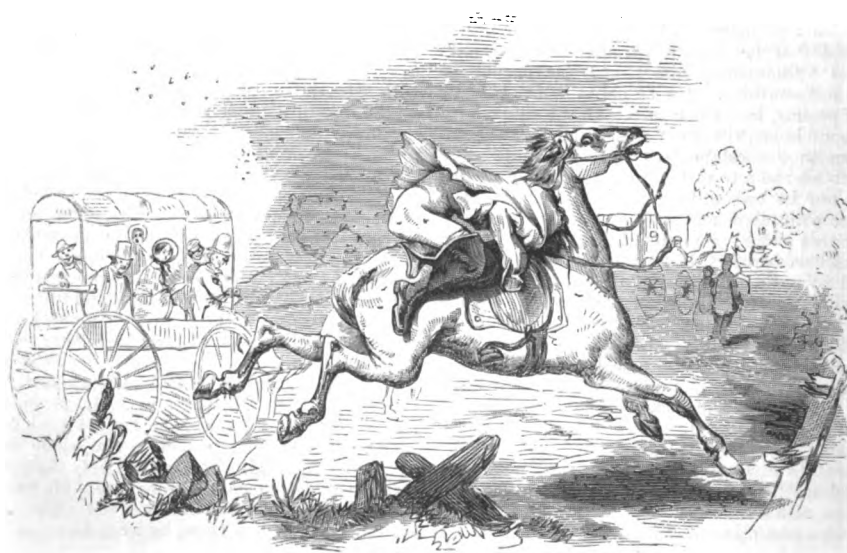
"By no means, major. You have a prodigious military turn, and if I had a little more time to draw out some diagrams on paper, I could make it all as clear as daylight."

"My dear friend, how kind you are. It's but a short ride. Could you not spend a night occasionally at my house, and *insense* me about it?"

Though his heart bounded for joy, Singularity only consented after much persuasion, and starting many difficulties. No week now passed without two or three visits, as he could go in the evening and return early in the morning, without losing time from his work. But the great difficulty with Tommy was to make a choice. Both girls were pretty and might expect equal fortunes, and both, he was sure, were smitten with him. In every respect, the house was a pleasant one to visit. As the girls were belles, they had much company, and kept up a constant round of good cheer and gaiety.

One Sunday morning, about the last of July, Tom set out for the major's with a parcel of drawings, to illustrate the manoeuvres for reviewing a battalion, done with great clearness and beauty. He had also agreed to squire on horseback the young ladies to a camp-meeting. As the day was exceedingly warm and dusty, he was afraid of discomposing and rumpling his shirt-collar and bosom on the way: he therefore put the needful articles for a change in his valise. When within half a mile of the house, he rode aside into a thick wood, for the purpose of *adonizing*, as he had often done on the same spot. The ground was muddy, from a shower that had lately fallen, and he thought it would be the better plan to make the adjustments of his toilet without leaving the saddle. His horse, though young and spirited, was docile, and usually stood with great composure during the operation.

Singularity had denuded himself—stowed away the soiled vestments in the valise—a garment of snowy hue, plaited in front most symmetrically, and ironed till it resembled polished ivory, was raised



aloft on his arms, and had just enveloped his head, when a colony of yellow jackets, or small wasps, whose domains had been invaded by his horse's hoofs, assailed the animal *en masse*. Alarmed at the fierce assault, his courser bounded off like lightning, kicking and plunging in vain to disembarass himself. Tommy could manage any horse without difficulty; but taken by surprise, with his head effectually muffled, all he could do was to seize the mane with both hands. Away went the steed, peppered by myriads of the irritated insects—away he went, with a speed that would have distanced Gilpin, young Lochinvar, or Burger's Spectre Bridegroom. From the steed the yellow jackets extended their attacks to the rider, who now, with fright, surprise, and bodily agony, clung on instinctively with convulsive energy, almost unconscious of any thing. The road was crowded with people, thronging to the camp-meeting—ladies and gentlemen, young and old, black and white, tag, rag, and bobtail, in chaises, carriages, and wagons, on horseback, muleback, and footback. Every thing cleared the road for the flying horseman, and stood gazing

with wonder at the unseemly sight. Accustomed to stop at Schmalbauch's house, the horse dashed through the gate that was standing open, and halted suddenly before the door. The moment he felt a pause, Tom rid his head of the incumbrance, just in time to see the young ladies escaping from a window. The major, who was smoking his pipe in the piazza, inquired of Tom, in astonishment, the meaning of his extraordinary and indecent appearance at midday, before a gentleman's house. When Tommy had explained the nature of his misfortune, which threw the old man into a convulsed fit of laughter, he took my friend into the house, where his inconvenient head-dress was restored to its proper location. But what between pain and shame, his gallantry had received a damper for the day. He sent an excuse to the girls, and wended his way back. To me he gave some indifferent reason, I remember not what, for returning, but never breathed a word of his mishap. Next day, however, I got fifty versions of it, as the people he had passed on the road, learned at Geiermann Schmalbauch's who the equestrian was.

## THE TROUT, THE CAT, AND THE FOX.

### A Fable.

FROM "ÆSOP, JUNIOR, IN AMERICA." ANON. 1834.

A FINE full-grown Trout had for some time kept his station in a clear stream; when, one morning, a Cat, extravagantly fond, as cats are wont to be, of fish, caught a glimpse of him, as he glided from beneath an overhanging part of the bank, towards the middle of the river; and with this glimpse, she resolved to spare no pains to capture him. As she sat on the bank waiting for the return of the fish, and laying a plan for her enterprise, a Fox came up, and saluting her, said, Your servant, Mrs. Puss, a pleasant place this for taking the morning air; and a notable place for fish, eh! Good morning, Mr. Reynard, replied the Cat; the place is, as you say, pleasant enough. As for fish, you can judge for yourself whether there are any in this part of the river. I do not deny that near the falls, about four miles from here, some very fine salmon and other fish also are to be found. At this moment, very inappositely for the Cat's hint, the Trout made his appearance; and the Fox looking significantly at her, said, The falls, Madam! perhaps this fine trout is on his way thither. It may be, that you would like the walk; allow me the pleasure of accompanying you? I thank you, sir, replied the Cat, but I am not disposed to walk so far at present. Indeed I hardly know whether I am quite well; I think I will rest myself a little, and then return home. Whatever you may determine, rejoined the Fox, I hope to be permitted to enjoy your society and conversation; and possibly I may have the great gratification of preventing the tedium which, were you left alone, your indisposition might produce. In speaking thus, the crafty Fox had no doubt that the only indisposition which the Cat was suffering, was an unwillingness to allow him a share of her booty; and he was determined that, so far as management could go, she should catch no fish that day without his being a party to the trans-

action. As the Trout still continued in sight, he began to commend his shape and color; and the Cat, seeing no way of getting rid of him, finally agreed that they should jointly try their skill and divide the spoil. Upon this compact, they both went actively to work.



They agreed first to try the following device. A small knob of earth, covered with rushes, stood in the water close to the bank. Both the fishers were to crouch behind these rushes; the Fox was to move the water very gently with the end of his long brush, and withdraw it so soon as the Trout's attention should have been drawn to that point; and the Cat was to hold her right paw underneath,

and be ready, so soon as the fish should come over it, to throw him out on the bank. No sooner was the execution of this device commenced, than it seemed likely to succeed. The Trout soon noticed the movement on the water, and glided quickly towards the point where it was made; but when he had arrived within about twice his own length of it, he stopped, and then backed towards the middle of the river. Several times this manœuvre was repeated, and always with the same result, until the tricky pair were convinced that they must try some other scheme.

It so happened that whilst they were considering what they should do next, the Fox espied a small piece of meat, when it was agreed, that he should tear this into little bits, and throw them into the stream above where they then were; that the Cat should wait, crouched behind a tuft of grass, to dash into the river, and seize the Trout, if he should come to take any piece of meat floating near the bank; and that the Fox should, on the first movement of the Cat, return and give his help. This scheme was put into practice, but with no better success than the other. The Trout came and took the pieces of meat which had floated furthest off from the bank, but to those which floated near he seemed to pay no attention. As he rose to take the last, he put his mouth out of the water, and said, To other travellers with these petty tricks: here we are "wide awake as a black fish," and are not to be caught with bits and scraps, like so many silly gudgeons! As the Trout went down, the Fox said, in an under tone, Say you so, my fine fellow, we may, perhaps, make a *gudgeon* of you yet! Then turning to the Cat, he proposed to her a new scheme, in the following terms.

I have a scheme to propose which cannot, I am persuaded, fail of succeeding, if you will lend your talents and skill for the execution of it. As I crossed the bridge, a little way above, I saw the dead body of a small dog, and near it a flat piece of wood rather longer than your person. Now, let us throw the dead dog into the river, and give the Trout time to examine it; then let us put the piece of wood into the water, and do you set yourself upon it, so that it shall be lengthwise under you, and your mouth may lean over one edge and your tail hang in the water as if you were dead. The Trout, no doubt, will come up to you, when you may seize him, and paddle to the bank with him, where I will be in waiting to help you land the prey. The scheme pleased the Cat so much, that in spite of her repugnance to the wetting which it promised her, she resolved to act the part which the cunning Fox had assigned to her. They first threw the dead dog into the river, and going down the stream, they soon had the satisfaction to see the Trout glide

up close to it and examine it. They then returned to the bridge, and put the piece of wood into the water, and the Cat having placed herself on it, and taken a posture as if she were dead, was soon carried down by the current to where the Trout was. Apparently without the least suspicion, he came up close to the Cat's head, and she, seizing him by one of his gills, held him in spite of all his struggles. The task of regaining the bank still had to be performed, and this was no small difficulty, for the Trout struggled so hard, and the business of navigation was so new to the Cat, that not without great labor and fatigue did she reach the place where the Fox was waiting for her. As one end of the board struck the bank, the Fox put his right fore-paw upon it, then seizing the fish near the tail, as the Cat let it go, he gave the board a violent push which sent it towards the middle of the stream, and instantly ran off, with the Trout in his mouth, towards the bridge.

It had so happened that after the Fox had quitted the bridge the last time, an Otter had come there to watch for fish, and he, seeing the Trout in the Fox's mouth, rushed towards him, and compelled him to drop the fish, and put himself on the defensive. It had also happened, that this Otter had been seen in an earlier part of the day, and that notice of him had been given to the farmer to whom the Cat belonged, and who had more than once declared that if ever he found her fishing again, she should be thrown into the river with a stone tied to her neck. The moment the farmer heard of the Otter, he took his gun, and followed by a laborer and two strong dogs, went toward the river, where he arrived just as the Cat, exhausted by the fatigue of her second voyage, was crawling up the bank. Immediately he ordered the laborer to put the sentence of drowning in execution; then, followed by his dogs, he arrived near the bridge just as the Fox and the Otter were about to join battle. Instantly the dogs set on the Fox and tore him to pieces; and the farmer shooting the Otter dead on the spot, possessed himself of the Trout, which had thus served to detain first one, then the other of his destroyers, till a severe punishment had overtaken each of them.

#### MORAL.

The inexperienced are never so much in danger of being deceived and hurt, as when they think themselves a match for the crafty, and suppose that they have penetrated their designs and seen through all their stratagems. As to the crafty, they are ever in danger, either of being overreached one by another, or of falling in a hurry into some snare of their own, where, as commonly happens, should they be caught, they are treated with a full measure of severity.

#### GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

This common phrase was turned very wittily by a member of the bar in North Carolina some years ago, on three of his legal brethren. During the trial of a case, Hillman, Dews, and Swain (the two first named distinguished lawyers, the last also a distinguished lawyer and President of the University of that State); handed James Dodge, the Clerk of the Supreme Court, the following epitaph:

Here lies James Dodge, who dodged all good,  
And never dodged an evil:

And after dodging all he could,  
He could not dodge the Devil!

Mr. Dodge sent back to the gentlemen the annexed impromptu reply, which we consider equal to any thing ever expressed in the best days of Queens Ann or Bess:

Here lies a Hillman and a Swain,  
Their lot let no man choose:  
They lived in sin, and died in pain,  
And the Devil got his dues! (Dews.)